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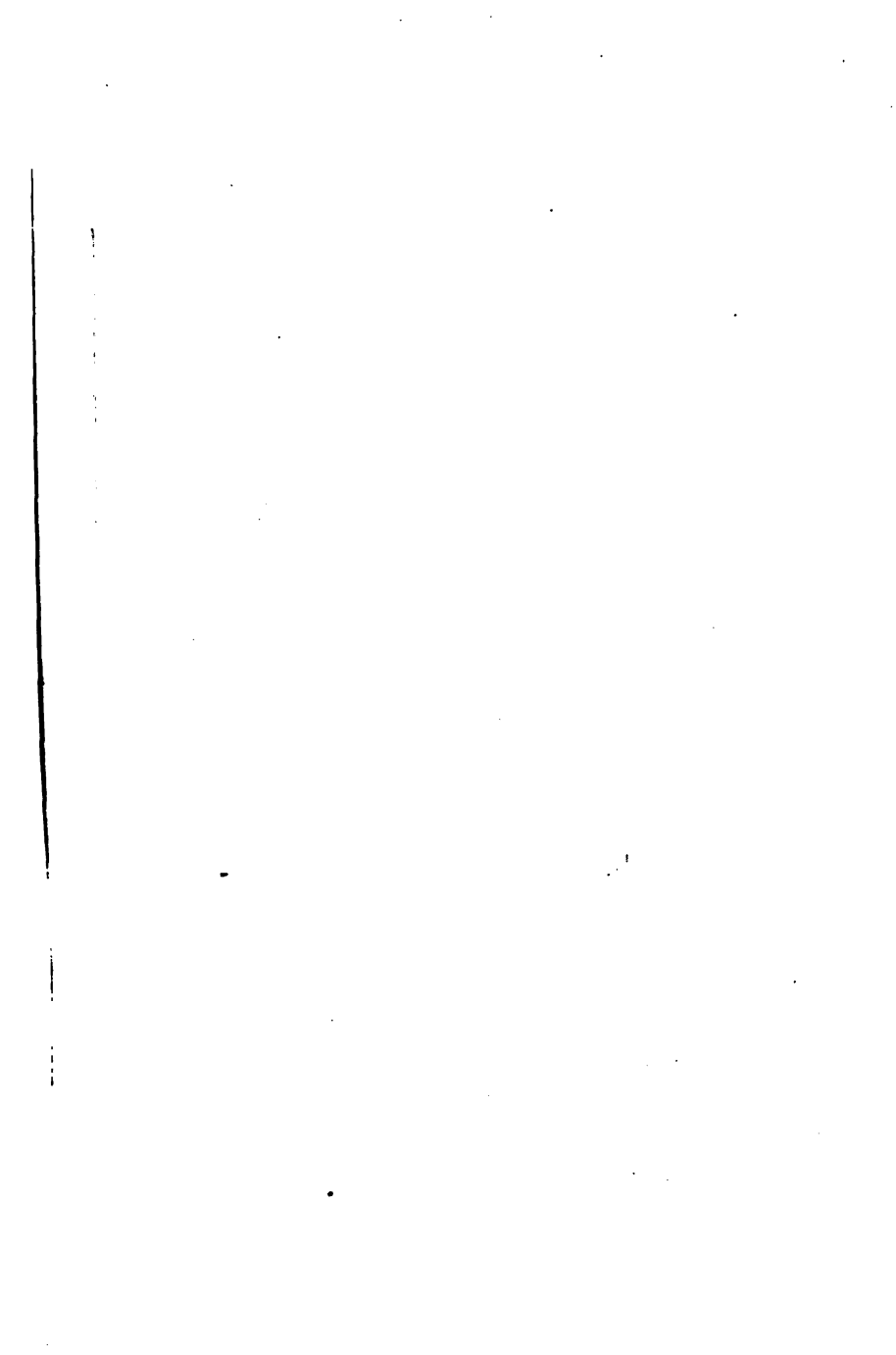
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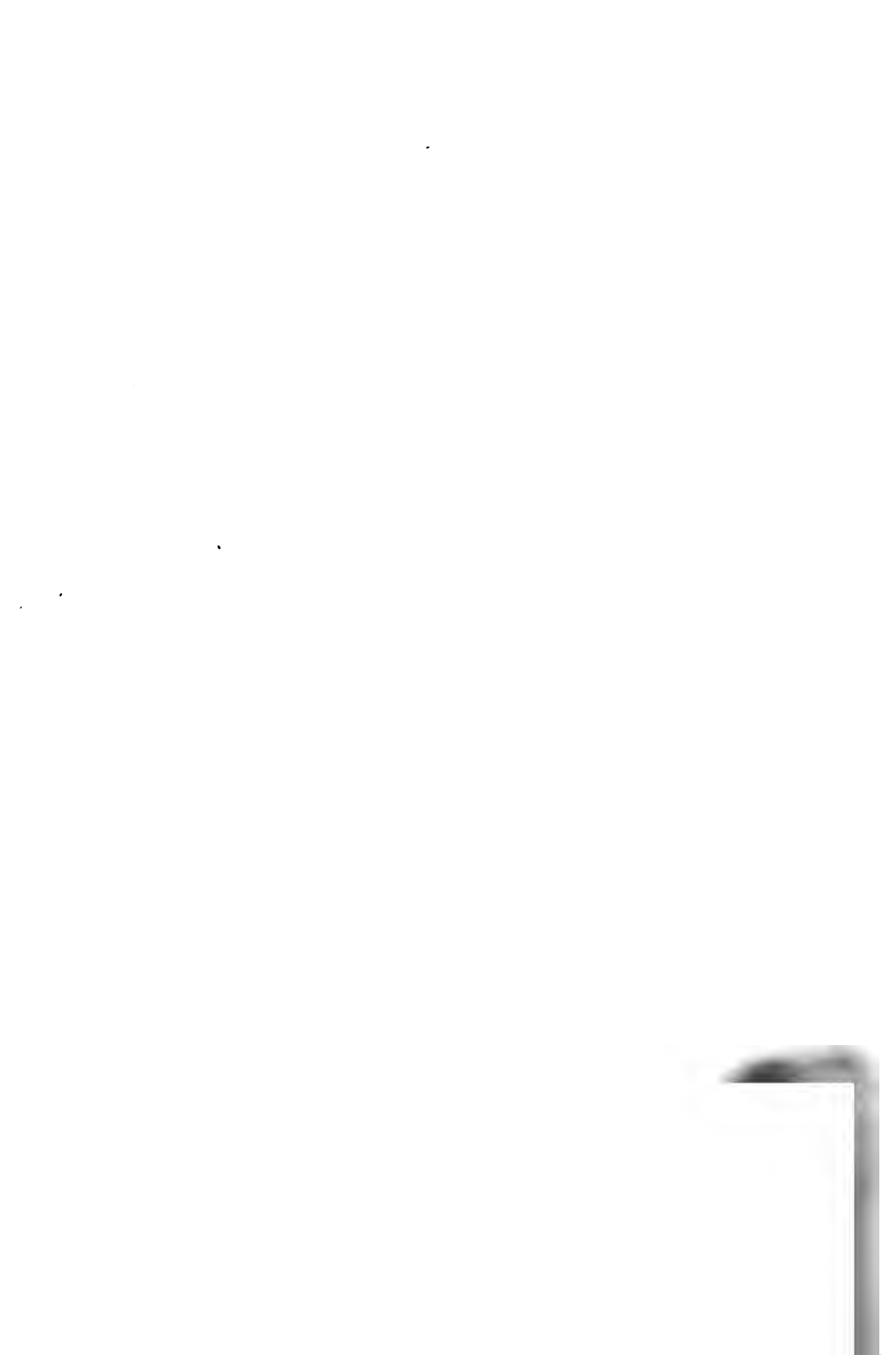
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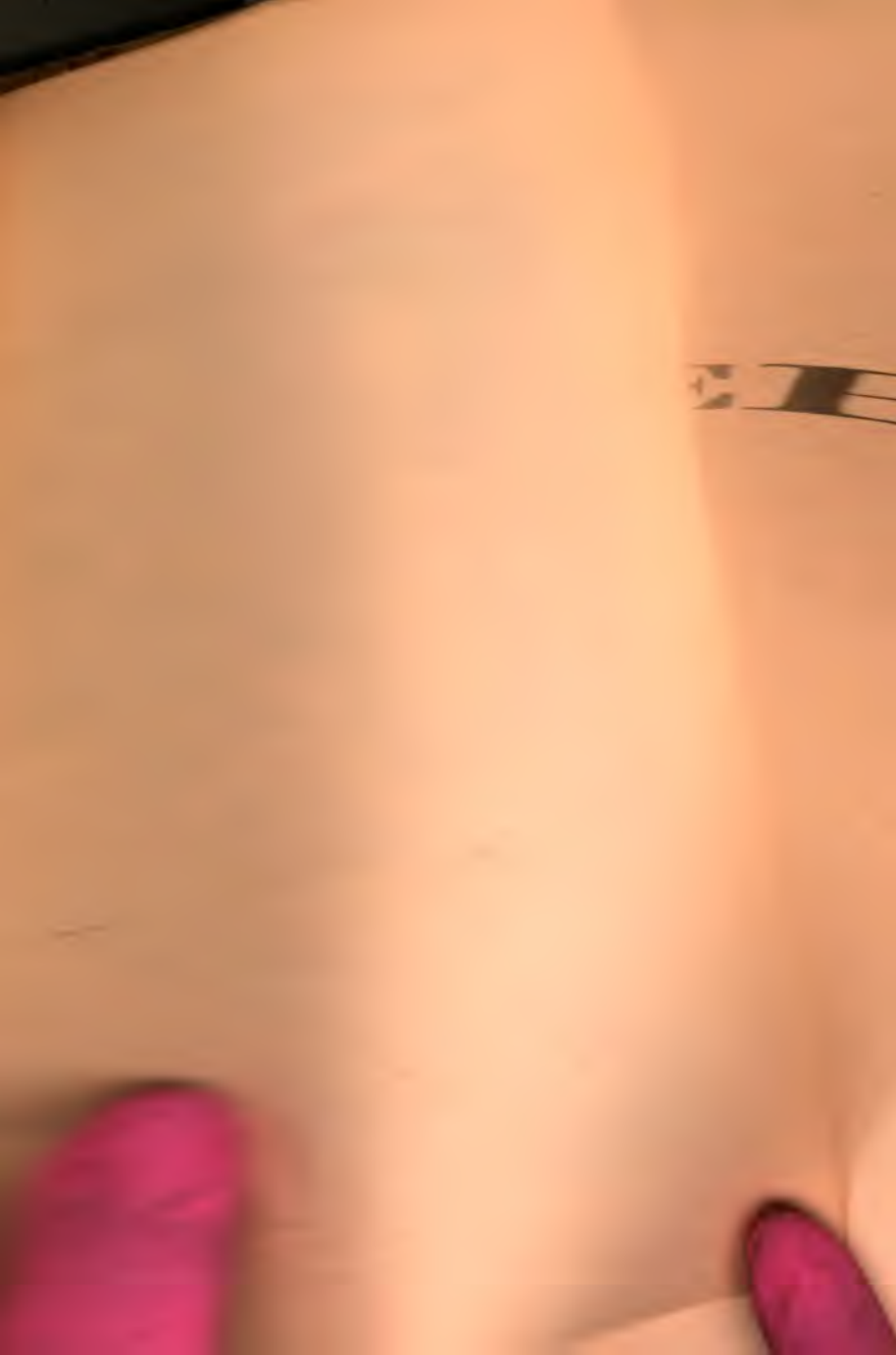


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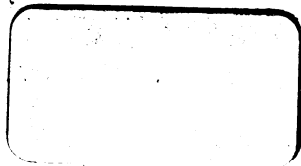


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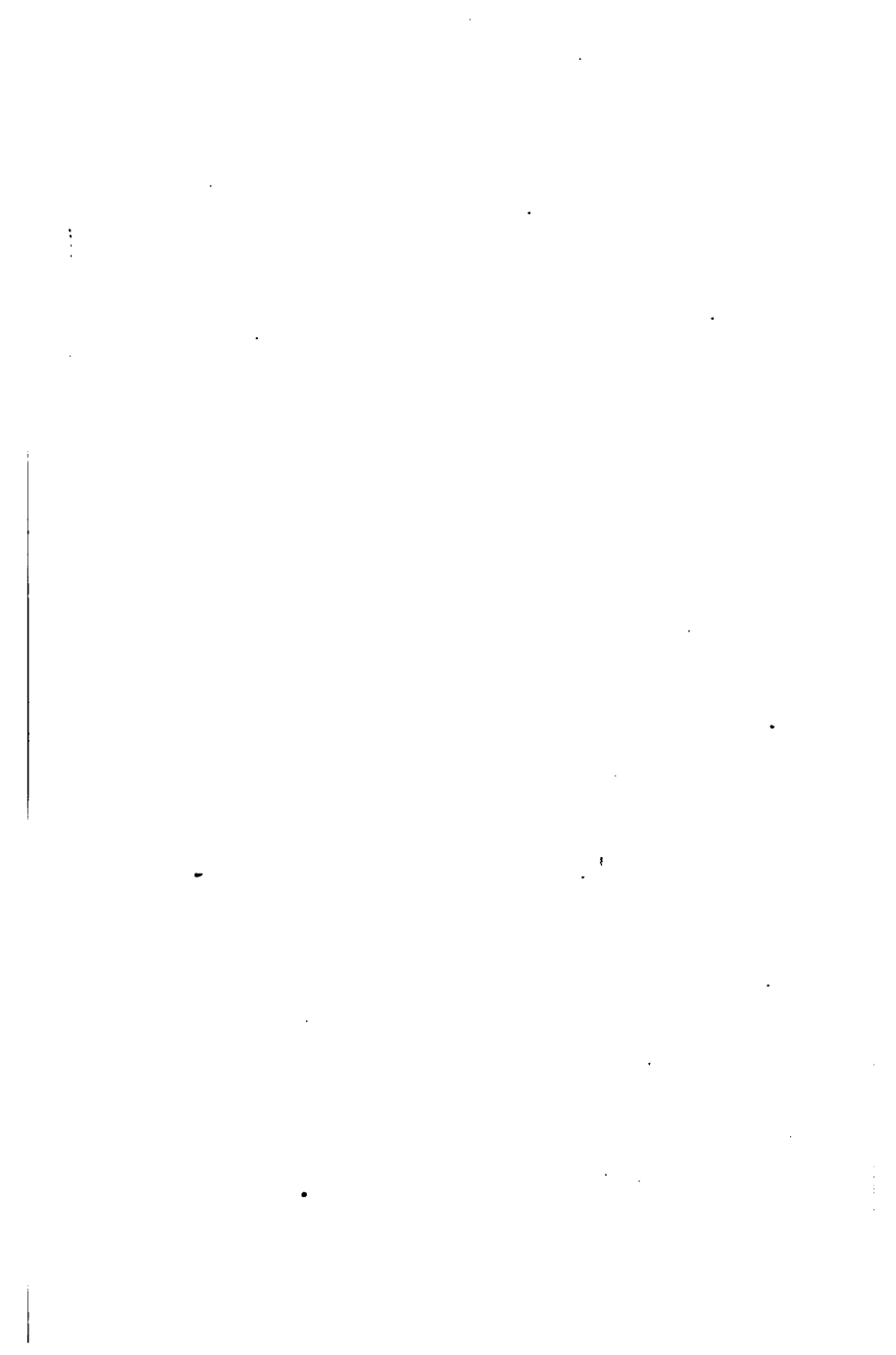
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ULYSSES AND CIRCE.
(See Lesson LVI., page 193.)

JOHNSON'S

FOURTH READER.

ILLUSTRATED.

REVISED BY E. C. BRANSON,
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SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE USE OF THE FOURTH READER.

The child of the Fourth Reader grade has a vocabulary extensive enough to be able to understand the larger part of standard literature. As to his psychological development at this period, he is always deeply interested in such stories as the Greek and the Norse mythology contain.

Much that is of value in the classical course of a college may be brought into the life of the child who never goes beyond the Fourth and Fifth Readers, if proper matter is introduced to him in the right way.

The teacher should always bear in mind that the intense interest which is aroused by an absorbing story is of great value in enabling the child to come into possession of new and permanent additions to his vocabulary. For instance, John Ruskin's *King of the Golden River* could never find a place in a reader for the fourth grade if only the difficulty of the words was considered, but the story will be found to be so absorbingly interesting as to admit the use of many words which, surrounded by a lesser interest, would prove too hard.

In the process of experimentation which the selections in this Reader have undergone, it was the habit of the teacher in the preceding grades to *tell the stories* in the course of regular work, so that, when the child was brought face to face with the task of reading the originals in the fourth grade, he welcomed the story as an old and dear friend. The difficulties vanished and the chief ends of the reading lessons—the development of a taste for good literature, and the enlargement of the vocabulary—were attained.



PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

In the publication of the Johnson series of Readers, the publishers beg to acknowledge their appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered by the following experienced teachers:

Miss Louise Manly,
Miss Nannie Clements,
Mrs. H. H. Richardson,
Mrs. Blanche Wynne Johnson.

Many other widely known teachers and literary people have assisted, by their criticisms and suggestions, in bringing the Johnson series of Readers up to the highest standard of excellence. This number is too large to allow mention of individuals to be made, but the publishers gladly acknowledge the value of the aid received from them all.

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FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

| | | | |
|-------------|---------|------------|----------|
| Sep tem'ber | fruit | gen'tian | weath'er |
| or'chards | sedg'es | (jen'shan) | au'tumn |

September.

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusty pods the milkweed
Her hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

By all these lovely tokens
 September days are here,
 With summer's best of weather,
 And autumn's best of cheer.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Fläunt, to scatter. 2. Nöök, a corner. 3. Tö'ken, a sign.

Seat-Work:

Describe any one of the wild flowers named in the poem.

Write a list of all the September wild flowers you know.

What does "The sedges flaunt their harvest" mean?

How do "Asters by the brookside make asters in the brook"?

LESSON II.

| | | | |
|--------------|-----------|--------------|-----------|
| spec'ta cles | shrouds | doubt'ful ly | de stroy' |
| sewed (söd) | bur'ied | ap'pe tites | crea'ture |
| thought | (bër'rid) | mul'ber ry | sick'en |

The Spinners.

"See, grandpa," said little Hetty, "this is the first silk dress I ever had in my life; I'm just as proud as anything."

"Indeed!" said grandpa, smiling over the rim of his spectacles; "I should think it was for the maker of the dress to feel proud, not the wearer."

"Oh, mamma made it," said Hetty.

"No, you are mistaken," answered grandpa;

"mamma only sewed it together. It had to be woven first."

"Then, the weaver made it," said Hetty, looking down thoughtfully at the shining folds.

"No," said grandpa, shaking his head; "the weaver didn't make it. It had to be spun first."

"So the spinner made it!" cried Hetty.

"Not one spinner, but hundreds of thousands of little spinners; they spun these threads for their own shrouds."

"Their shrouds!" exclaimed Hetty; "a thing to be buried in? Grandpa, what do you mean?"

"Do you know who the spinners were, Hetty?"

"No, grandpa," she answered doubtfully, "I don't think I do."

"They were queer green worms, about three inches long, with sixteen legs, strong jaws and a big stomach. Did you never hear of silkworms?"

No; the little girl had never heard of them, and she listened eagerly for their story.

"They are hatched out of eggs no bigger than a grain of mustard seed; so, of course, they are very tiny at first. But they have big appetites for such tiny folk. If you go into a room where many of them are feeding, you hear sounds like the grinding of a rusty machine.

"In a month's time, they will eat 60,000 times their first day's weight, and then their short life is over.

They quit eating then, and begin to spin fine silk threads, in which they wind themselves round and round, in queer little oblong balls called cocoons.

"When he is completely buried in this silken ball, the worm dies—that is, he dies as a worm; but in two weeks, if you do not destroy this buried life, he bursts his silken tomb, and comes out a winged creature that we call a moth. But if we wish to spin little Hetty's dress, we should kill the creature in his tomb, so that he cannot break the threads, and we would carefully unwind the silk."

"Oh, how strange!" said little Hettie, softly. "They didn't know they were making me a dress, grandpa?"

"No," said grandpa; "and there is another thing they do not know, little Hetty; when they go to sleep in their silken graves, they do not know they may leave their plain worm bodies, and come to light again with wings."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Cō cōn', the silk shell spun by silkworms. 2. Ob'long, having greater length than breadth.

Seat-Work:

Tell how Hetty's dress was made.

Describe the silkworm.

What does it eat?

How much does it eat?

What do the silkworms do before they become moths?

How is the silk thread obtained?

LESSON III.

| | | | |
|-------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| Flor'i da | stretched | but'tons | chick'ens |
| friends | Stu'art | po ta'toes | prowl'ing |
| flocks | raised | use'ful | fought |
| tur'key-hen | fan'cy | porch | beat'en |

A Florida Crane.

When I was a little girl, my home was in Florida, and one of my friends at school was Annie Hunter. Annie had a pet crane, which had been caught on a Florida beach, where there are always flocks of them.

His color was a light, silvery blue. His body was about as large as that of a turkey-hen, and his legs and neck were so long that when he stretched himself up he was almost as tall as a man.

Annie called her crane Stuart. He was fond of her, came when she called him, and, when he saw her coming from school, went to meet her and walked by her side.

I longed to be friendly with him, but when I walked softly up to him, he raised his head and looked at me, with his long bill so close to my face that I was afraid he would peck my eyes out.

He had a fancy for pecking at bright buttons. He spent much time in the yard and garden, but he used to walk into the house like one of the family, and liked to come to the table to eat bread and potatoes.

Now, you will not think that such a pet could be of any use. But he was useful. He filled the place of a watch-dog.

He slept on the back porch at night, and no one dared to enter the yard without first calling some of the family.

No chickens were stolen from the yard. No stray dog came prowling around there.

He was fierce and watchful, and fought with his large, strong wings. I am sure that he could have beaten down a large boy.



DEFINITIONS.—1. Bēach, the shore of a sea or a lake. 2. Crāne, a wading bird with a long, straight bill, and long legs and neck.

Seat-Work :

Describe Annie's crane.

What queer things did he do?

What strange purpose did he serve?

Find out something else about cranes.

LESSON IV.

| | | | |
|----------|------------|-------------|-------------|
| vil'lage | a gainst' | wan'der ing | de light'ed |
| peo'ple | (a gēnst') | at tacked' | mes'sage |
| Con'rad | re mind'ed | cap'tured | vis'it or |

Conrad and the Stork.

Over the door of a house in a little village in Norway there is a stork carved in wood, and this is the tale that people tell about it:

In that house, many years ago, there lived a boy named Conrad. Every summer a stork made its nest near by, and, as Conrad often fed it, the stork became quite tame.

When Conrad grew to be a young man, he ran away to sea against his mother's wish. After Conrad had gone, the stork came back as usual every summer to Norway from its long journey to the south; and Conrad's mother was kind to it, and fed it, because it reminded her of her wandering son.

Poor Conrad had a hard time on the ocean. One day, as he was sailing along on the Mediterranean Sea, some pirates attacked the vessel, and captured all on board. Conrad was told that he must be their slave, unless he had some rich friends who would redeem him. He had no rich friends, and so he had to work hard all day.

One day, while at his toil, he saw a stork flying

above him. It reminded him of his own stork away in Norway. He whistled to it, and the stork knew the sound and flew down to him. Conrad was delighted to find it was the very same bird he had petted and fed in his old home.

The next day the bird came again, and day after day, for a long while, Conrad and the stork ate their dinners together.

As the time drew near for the stork to move to his summer home, Conrad thought he would send a message to his mother. So he wrote a letter and tied it to the stork's leg.

After a few days, Conrad's mother found her summer visitor at the door, with a letter fastened to his leg. Oh, how glad she was to know that her boy was alive!

She raised a large sum of money and sent it to redeem him, and when Conrad returned to his old home, he had this stork carved over the doorway.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Nôr'wāy, a kingdom in the north of Europe, now united with Sweden. 2. Stôrk, a large wading bird with a long, straight bill, usually found near marshes and rivers. 3. Joûr'ney, a long trip. 4. Pî'rates, robbers on the seas. 5. Rě dĕēm', buy again; rescue from captivity by paying a price.

Seat-Work:

Tell the story of Conrad and the stork in your own words.

LESSON V.

won'der ful
weav'er

shut'tle
pil'lar

ghost
un rav'el

The Wonderful Weaver.

There's a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear ;
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree !
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he ;
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast ;

Then the sun peeps abroad
 On the work that is done,
 And he smiles: "I'll unravel
 It all just for fun!"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mǎn'tle, a cloak. 2. Glōōm, darkness. 3. Dēcks, dresses; adorns. 4. Quaint (kwānt), odd. 5. Grīm, fierce; frightful. 6. Wēa'ry, tired.

Seat-Work;

Who is the wonderful weaver?

What is the white mantle he weaves?

Describe the machinery he uses.

What does he weave?

What does he do with it?

What becomes of the work of the weaver?

LESSON VI.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|--------------|------------|
| oft'en er | sigh | be liev'ers | count'less |
| rar'er | grief | slum'ber ing | fault |

Life Is What We Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
 And rarer of the bad ones,
 And sing about our happy days,
 And not about the sad ones.
 We were not made to fret and sigh,
 And when grief sleeps to wake it;
 Bright happiness is standing by—
 This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pain to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

Be noble; and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Slūm'ber ing, sleeping. 2. Per-chānce', perhaps. 3. Māj'es ty, nobleness.

Seat-Work:

Copy and commit to memory the last three lines of this lesson.

LESSON VII.

| | | | |
|---------|----------|--------------|-----------|
| chased | shin'ing | leaf-bas'ket | slip'ping |
| frisk'y | dim'ples | in stead' | fair'y |

Donald's Dream.

The light was turned low, and the ashes fell softly on the hearth. Mamma had given him her good-night kiss, and—Donald was thinking. He seemed to be in the country, on a beautiful summer's day, but he was lonely.

If he chased a butterfly, there was no one to whom he could say, "How lovely its wings are!" no one to hear the wind sighing in the pines, nobody to watch the frisky squirrels at their play.

"Yes, here is somebody!" he exclaimed, as, coming out of a deep wood into the sunshine, he saw a lovely little girl with shining eyes.

"What is your name?" he shyly asked.

"Happy Thoughts," answered the little maid.
"Don't you wish me to stay with you?"

"Indeed I do," was Donald's reply. "I was so lonely in the wood."

"My sister is coming soon," said Happy Thoughts; and, even as she spoke, they were joined by a little girl with the prettiest mouth Donald had ever seen. It was positively bewitching, with its smiles and dimples, and, when she spoke, it was in a voice like music.

"My name is Pleasant Words," said she. "I always follow Happy Thoughts. I am sure we could never get along without each other; so let us both come with you."

"Oh!" Donald thought, "this is lovely;" and, in his glee, he quite forgot how time was passing.

Then the little girls cried out in one breath: "Yes, here he comes! I knew he would follow us," and Donald saw a boy as big as himself. He had a fine, manly face, and swung himself along at a rapid pace, whistling a merry tune; and what strong-looking hands he had! Even now they were busy, as he stopped to pick berries to fill a little leaf-basket he had made; and he offered them to Donald as he joined him.

"O Kind Deeds!" said the little sisters, "we knew you would bring us something; you are always doing something for somebody. What will you do for this little boy? We met him just now, and, hearing that he was lonely, have kept by his side, but you can help him more than we can."

So Donald thought, too, as he begged: "Oh, please all three of you come home and live with me! I'll show you the way," and put out his hands; but—instead of slipping them into those of his three new friends, he was—what do you think?—putting his chubby little fists into his own eyes, and rubbing them so hard that in a few seconds he saw his own room at home, the

fire dying out in the low grate, the chair with his clothes all neatly folded and piled on it, and, through the partly-opened door, heard papa and mamma talking in the library.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed; "I wish all three could have lived with me. I am sure they would have made me a good boy," and then he knew he was wide awake.

Now, this is not a fairy story, and there is a way of making it true; but, until you find out how to do this, I will call it Donald's "dream."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pōs'i tive ly, really; certainly. 2. Be witch'ing, charming. 3. Glēē, joy. 4. Pāce, a step. 5. Li'bra ry, a room containing a collection of books.

Seat-Work:

Relate Donald's dream.

How can this dream be made true?

LESSON VIII.

| | | | |
|--------------|------------|-----------|-------------|
| oat'meal | ques'tions | height | yard'stick |
| quan'ti ties | think'ing | gen'er al | anx'ious ly |
| trou'şērş | sea'son | meas'ured | whis'tling |

How a Boy Measured a Tree.

He is not a boy in a book; his name is Tom, and he lives in our house. He seldom says anything re-

markable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, and tears his trousers, and goes through the toes of his boots, and loses his cap, and slams the doors, and chases the cat, just like any other boy.

But he is remarkable; for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand, he whistles—an excellent habit, when out of doors.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer; it seemed to be an all summer's performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot-rule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.

"No, ma'am; I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes."

"Yes, ma'am; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as the things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick, I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

“So that is what you have been whistling about all summer?”

“Did I whistle?” asked Tom.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Re mār'k' a ble, deserving notice. 2. Ex'cel lent, very good or useful; admirable. 3. Per fōrm'ance, occupation; work. 4. An nounçed', made known.

Seat-Work:

Describe Tom.

Tell how he measured the tree.

How did they know when he was pleased with his work?

LESSON IX.

| | | | |
|------------|-------------|-------------|------------|
| pe cul'iar | mouth'ful | dis'tance | light'ed |
| move'ments | mor'tar | hap'pi ly | clum'sy |
| prompt | ex cit'ed | par'ti cle | us'u al ly |
| pur'pose | hon'ey comb | beau'ti ful | shoul'der |

Wasps and Bees.

Two boys one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

“Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those mud-wasps?” he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

“Nothing, except that they seem to come and go,” replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to more purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do-nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one puts down his pellet of mud, and the other throws the water upon it, which makes it like mortar. Then they spread it upon the nest and fly away for more."

You see one boy observed a little and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

One morning a gentleman who owned some bees, found that those living in one hive were greatly excited. He took the top off the hive, and found that the honeycomb that had been put into the hive to help the bees in their honey-making was broken, and hanging in the hive so that the bees could not use it.

He mended the honeycomb with cord and closed the hive. He watched the bees from a distance, and saw that they went happily back to work.

The next morning the bees were still happy and busy, but all about the hive was a fine white cotton fuzz. Where did it come from?

He looked in the hive again, and found that the

bees had mended the broken honeycomb with their own wax, and had carried away every particle of the cord. To do this it had to be picked out bit by bit, and that was the fuzz that was scattered on the clover before the hive.

Why is it that we are so afraid of bees? Those who know them well are not afraid of them, and say they never sting unless they are made angry. Some bees never sting. Would it not be wise to learn which bees sting and which do not?

Once in the country, I lived next door to a man who owned about thirty hives of bees. All about, for two or three acres, clover grew, the beautiful white and purple crowns raising their heads above the green. The owner of these bees would walk through this clover with the bees flying and buzzing all about him. Some days his white shirt-sleeves were covered with the bees. If he stood under the tree a moment, the bees at once lighted on his arms.

There was a clumsy man that helped take care of the bees, and that man was stung every time he went near the hives. He usually stumbled in the grass, and he always seemed to hit the hives with his elbows, or bang against them with his shoulder, and those on the ground he always struck with his toe if he got near enough to them. The bees seemed to learn to dislike this man and stung him.

DEFINITIONS.—I. Nāt'u ral ist, a person well ac-

quainted with plants and animals. 2. Ob s̄erved', noticed c̄losely. 3. P̄l'let, a little ball. 4. Dr̄ones, idlers; male bees. [The drones make no honey, and after living a little while they are killed or driven from the hive.] 5. Cr̄owns, blossoms.

Seat-Work :

How do the mud-wasps build their nests?

Tell what you have learned about bees from the lesson.

What else do you know about bees?

LESSON X.

| | | | |
|---------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| liv'ing | blos'soms | con fess' | trou'sers |
| dew'y | show'ers | worn-out | waist'coat |

The Honest Old Toad.

Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad !

A funny old fellow is he,—

Living under the stone by the side of the road,

'Neath the shade of the old willow-tree.

He is dressed all in brown from his toe to his crown,

Save his vest, which is silvery white ;

He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,

And walks in the cool, dewy night.

“ Raup, yaup,” says the frog,

From his home in the bog,

But the toad he says never a word ;

He tries to be good, like the children who should

Be seen, but never be heard.

When winter draws near, Mr. Toad goes to bed,
And he sleeps as sound as a top ;
But when May blossoms follow soft April showers,
He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop ;
He changes his dress only once, I confess—
Every spring ; and his old worn-out coat,
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls like a ball,
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.
“ K-rruk, k-rruk,” says the frog,
From his home in the bog,
But the toad he says never a word ;
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Crown, top of the head. 2. Save, except. 3. Bög, a marsh ; a swamp.

Seat-Work :

Where does the toad live ?

How is he dressed ?

What does he do in the cool of the day ?

What does he do at night ?

What does he eat ?

How does he catch his prey ?

Find out how his tongue is fastened in his mouth.

What becomes of him in winter ?

What happens to him when he comes out in the spring ?

What does he do with his worn-out coat ?

What else do you know about toads ?

LESSON XI.

| | | | |
|------------|-------------|------------|---------------|
| Ken tuck'y | ba'sins | el'der | ut'ter ing |
| red'birds | earth'works | tan'gle | rec'og nized |
| ce'dar | i'ron weed | oc curred' | re ap peared' |
| en closed' | (i'ŭrn wēd) | tongue | ad vise' |
| cir'cu lar | poke'weed | op'po site | scar'let |

A Kentucky Cardinal.

To-day, the seventh of September, I made a discovery. The pair of redbirds that built in my cedar-trees last winter got duly away with the brood. Several times during summer rambles I cast my eye about, but they were not to be seen. Early this afternoon I struck out across the country toward a sink-hole in a field two miles away, some fifty yards in diameter, very deep, and enclosed by a fence.

A series of these circular basins, at regular distances apart, runs across the country over there, suggesting the remains of ancient earthworks. The bottom had dropped out of this one, probably communicating with the many caves that are characteristic of this blue limestone region.

Within the fence everything is an impenetrable thicket of weeds and vines—blackberry, thistle, iron-weed, pokeweed, elder, golden-rod. As I drew near, I saw two or three birds dive down, with the shy way

they have at this season ; and when I came to the edge, everything was quiet. But I threw a stone at a point where the tangle was deep, and there was a great fluttering and scattering of the pretenders. And then occurred more than I had looked for.

The stone had hardly struck the brush when what looked like a tongue of vermilion flame leaped forth near by, and, darting across, stuck itself out of sight in the green vines on the opposite slope. A male and a female cardinal flew up also, balancing themselves on sprays of the blackberry, and uttering excitedly their quick call-notes.

I whistled to the male as I had been used, and he recognized me by shooting up his crest and hopping to nearer twigs with louder inquiry.

All at once, as if an idea had struck him, he sprang across to the spot where the frightened bird had disappeared. I could still hear him under the vines, and presently he reappeared and flew up into a locust-tree on the farther edge of the basin, followed by the other.

What had taken place, or took place then, I do not know ; but I wished he might be saying : " My son, that man over there is the one who was very good to your mother and me last winter, and who owns the tree you were born in. I have warned you, of course, never to trust man ; but I would advise, when you have found your sweetheart, to give him a trial, and take her to his cedar-trees."

If he said anything like this, it certainly had a terrible effect on the son ; for, having mounted rapidly to the tree-top, he clove the blue with his scarlet wings as though he were flying from death. I lost sight of him over a corn-field.

—*James Lane Allen.*

[From "A Kentucky Cardinal." Harper & Bros.]

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ēār'di nal, a redbird common to the southern part of the United States. 2. Dū'ly, properly ; regularly. 3. Sē'riēs, a number of things or events coming in regular order. 4. An'cjent, old. 5. Com mū'ni cā'ting, connecting. 6. Ēhār'ac ter ist'ic, peculiar. 7. Im pēn'e trā ble, close, dense, not to be passed through. 8. Pre tēnd'ers, de ceiv'ers. 9. Ver mil'ion, bright red. 10. In quī'ry, question. 11. Clōve, flew through ; penetrated.

LESSON XII.

| | | | |
|-------------|-------------|----------|-------------|
| stud'y ing | straight | qui'et | breeze |
| hab'its | diff'er ent | enough' | crawl'ing |
| in'sects | es cape' | (e nūf') | di rec'tion |
| stretch'ing | re mained' | thread | drifts |

The Clever Spider.

A gentleman who was fond of studying the habits of insects, one day found a large spider near a pond of water. He took a long stick, and put the spider

on one end of it. He then went to the side of the pond, and, stretching out as far as he could, fixed the other end in the bottom of the pond, and left the stick standing straight up out of the water, with the spider upon it. He then sat down on the bank to watch what it would do.

It first went down the stick till it came to the water; but, finding that there was no hope of getting off there, it returned to the top. It then went up and down the different sides of the stick, feeling and looking carefully, till it found there was no way of escape on any part. Then it went once more to the top, and remained quiet for a while, as if thinking what to do.

After a long pause, it began to spin a thread long enough to reach from the stick to the edge of the pond. When this was done, it fastened one end of the thread to the top of the stick, and let the rest of it float in the breeze. It waited till the wind stretched the thread out toward the side of the pond.

When the floating end caught, the spider went crawling along the thread till it reached the land. After floating in the air a little while, it alighted safely on the ground, and ran off to its home.

There is a spider, however, that lives in the water, called the water-spider. Its house is a cocoon, open at the bottom and filled with air. The creature lines it with silk, and fastens it in every direction by threads to the plants nearby. Within this retreat, she

sits and watches for prey. When she has nearly used up the air, she swims upon her back to the surface of the water to get more.

If you stand by a pond and watch the still water, you will often see a little bubble that appears like a globe of quicksilver. This bubble is a bag of air that surrounds the spider. With it she goes down to her house, and by it drives out the water. She comes again and again to the surface for more, until she has enough to expel all water from her cell. In the winter, she closes the opening, and dwells there securely.

There is a kind of water-spider that actually forms a raft, upon which it drifts for the purpose of getting its prey more easily. It puts together by silken threads a ball of weeds three or four inches in diameter; and, upon this floating island, it rides along until it sees a drowning insect, when it seizes it, and devours it at leisure. If alarmed by any danger, it gets under the raft for safety.

Did you ever know such cunning and wisdom?

DEFINITIONS.—1. Paușe, a stop. 2. Re trăat', a place of refuge; a home. 3. Prey (pră), animal food; game. 4. Sûr'face, the top or outside. 5. Quick-sil'ver, the common name of mercury. 6. Ex pël', to drive out. 7. Drifts, floats. 8. Dî ăm'e ter, a line through the center of a body. 9. De vours', eats up greedily. 10. Lăi'șure, spare time.

Seat-Work:

Tell what trick the gentleman played on the spider.
Relate how the spider got to the land safely.
What is the water-spider's house called? Describe it.
How does the water-spider swim?
How does she go down to her house in the water?
Of what help is the little bubble of air?
What becomes of the water-spider in winter?
Describe the raft of a water-spider.
Of what use is her raft?

LESSON XIII.

| | | | |
|-------------|-----------|------------|--------------|
| par'lor | cur'tains | wel'come | pur'ple |
| pret'ti est | cun'ning | hand'some | di'a mond |
| wind'ing | prove | bril'liant | flat'ter ing |
| stair | pan'try | mer'ri ly | fierce'ly |

The Spider and the Fly.

" Will you walk into my parlor? "

Said a spider to a fly ;

" 'T is the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many pretty things

To show when you are there."

" Oh, no, no ! " said the little fly,

" To ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your winding stair,

Can ne'er come down again."

" I'm sure you must be weary

With soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed ? "

Said the spider to the fly.

" There are pretty curtains drawn around,

The sheets are fine and thin;

And if you'd like to rest awhile,

I'll snugly tuck you in."

" Oh, no, no ! " said the little fly,

" For I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again,

Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,

" Dear friend, what shall I do,

To prove the warm affection

I've always felt for you ?

I have, within my pantry,

Good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—

Will you please to take a slice ? "

" Oh, no, no ! " said the little fly,

" Kind sir, that cannot be;

I've heard what's in your pantry,

And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
 "You're witty and you're wise ;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
 How brilliant are your eyes.
I have a little looking-glass
 Upon my parlor shelf ;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
 You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
 "For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning, now,
 I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
 And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
 Would soon be back again ;
So he wove a subtle thread
 In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
 To dine upon the fly.
He went out to his door again,
 And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
 With the pearl and silver wing ;
Your robes are green and purple,
 There's a crest upon your head ;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
 But mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas ! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by ;
With buzzing wing she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue ;
Thought only of her crested head,—
Poor foolish thing ! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but
She ne'er came out again !
And now, dear little children
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you, ne'er give heed ;
Unto an evil counselor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

—*Mary Howitt.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Spy, see. 2. In vain, useless. 3. Soar'ing, flying. 4. Snug'ly, cozily ; comfortably.

5. Af fêc'tion, love. 6. Stôre, supply. 7. Gâu'zy, thin and fine. 8. Sub'tle (sût'l), artful. 9. Wî'ly, sharp; sly. 10. A löft', on high. 11. Hûe, color. 12. Dîş mal, gloomy; cheerless. 13. Ėoun'sêl ôr, one who gives advice.

Seat-Work :

What invitation did the spider give the fly?

What did the spider say about his home?

What was the fly's answer?

What did the spider say about his pretty bed?

What did the spider say to this?

How did he next try to tempt the fly?

How did the spider flatter the fly?

How did he know she was a vain little fly? What did he do?

What happened to the fly at last?

Copy the last six lines of the poem.

LESSON XIV.

| | | | |
|----------------|-------------|-----------|-------------|
| pressed | hap'pi est | dreamed | hôn'ôr |
| queer | im por'tant | cen'ter | rail'roads |
| cat'er pil'lar | won'der ful | course | grate |
| sun'beam | fret'ting | pres'sure | care'ful ly |

The Story of the Coal.

One evening, as I was looking at a fine piece of coal with a fern leaf pressed upon it, I heard a tiny voice speaking; and these are the words it said:

"Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, I was a green and beautiful tree-fern. This fact may seem

queer to you, but think a moment. Does the butterfly look like a caterpillar? Of course not; and yet the eggs of a butterfly hatch into caterpillars, and the caterpillars turn into butterflies. Is it, then, any stranger that a black lump of coal should have been a plant?

"But it takes a long time for a plant to become a grown-up coal. I remember, when I was a young and green tree-fern, that I wondered of what use I was. I saw one after another of my friends die and sink into the soft mud at my feet, and, while I wept, the other trees seemed happy and careless.

"‘Why are you so glad?’ I said. ‘Of what use are we? Why should we love the sunbeams that hide in our leaves and stems, since we so soon must die?’

"Just then, I heard one sunbeam say to another: ‘When this world is full-grown, it will be a most beautiful world, but, in order to make it so, every sunbeam and every tree and plant and living thing must be the best and the happiest that it can be. If we all do our duty, we shall some day know what a wonderful world it has become. Each of us has something to do for the Great Master who made us, and we are all so useful and important in His plans that He cannot spare one of us for idle fretting.’

"Then the brightest sunbeam whispered: ‘Only be brave and strong and true. Grow as large and beautiful as possible, and, above all, catch and pack away

all the sunbeams you can. The Great Master has use for them all, and he wished me to tell you this, because you seem so sad and hopeless.'

"After that, I felt happy and strong, and I set to work storing away sunbeams as fast as I could. At last, I fell asleep and dreamed. I seemed to sink down, down, down, out of sight in the mud; many plants and trees lay around me, pressing close to me on all sides. As we sank lower and lower, it became very hot, for we were nearer the center of the earth. Our kind Master, however, had provided a thick bed of clay under us and a blanket of clay over us, so we were safe in His care.

"In the course of long ages, I turned to peat, then to lignite, and from that, by much severer pressure, I was changed to pure coal, black and shining, as you see.

"In the midst of my dream, a voice whispered to me that, because I had done my work so well after I understood the way, I was to receive a great honor; a picture of one of my leaves was to be pressed against a piece of my trunk, so that the picture of the fern leaf would become a part of the coal which I now am.

"I know now why we were to lay up the hot sunbeams. Without them, you would not now be enjoying the warmth of this glowing fire, which is made from a part of my trunk; iron could not be used, and there would be no railroads; nor—"

Just then, a coal dropped from the grate, and, as I sprang up, startled, I found that I had been dreaming. I carefully placed the piece of coal with its fern leaf in my cabinet of minerals, for I knew the dream story was a true history of how a tree turns to coal.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Trēē-fěrn, a fern with tree-like, woody stems and a head of fronds like the leaves of a palm. 2. Stōr'ing, collecting or gathering for use at a future time. 3. Pro vid'ed, furnished; supplied. 4. Pēat, masses of decayed plants used for fuel. 5. Lig'nīte, a kind of mineral coal showing the texture of wood. 6. Se vēr'er, harsher; harder. 7. Glōw'-ing, shining; bright. 8. Căb'in et, a chest with shelves and drawers for curiosities. 9. MIn'er als, substances which are neither plant nor animal matter.

Seat-Work:

What was coal at first?

Where did it grow?

In what kind of climate?

Why do you think so?

How did it become coal?

Where do the heat and brightness of coal come from?

What is heat?

Where is it found?

What is lignite?

Where does coal come from in our country?

What are some of the things we could not have without coal?

LESSON XV.

| | | | |
|-------------|----------|------------|--------------|
| al'ways | shone | hal lōōed' | queen |
| cloud'less | thinned | match'less | strength |
| mut'ter ing | cer'tain | sil'ver y | mo'tion less |

The Wind and the Moon.

Said the wind to the moon, "I will blow you out.

 You stare

 In the air

 Like a ghost in a chair,

Always looking what I'm about.

I hate to be watched ; I will blow you out."

The wind blew hard, and out went the moon.

 So deep

 On a heap

 Of cloudless sleep,

Down lay the wind, and slumbered soon,

Muttering low—"I've done for that moon."

He turned in his bed ; she was there again !

 On high

 In the sky

 With her ghost eye,

The moon shone white and alive and plain ;

Said the wind—"I'll blow you out again."

He blew, and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

“One puff

More’s enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glum will go the thread.”

He blew a great blast and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare ;

Far off and harmless the sky stars shone ;

Sure and certain the moon was gone !

The wind took to his revels once more.

On down,

In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar :

“ What’s that ? ” The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew ;

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain ;

For still broader the moon-scap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night
And shone
On the throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the wind—"What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death,
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the moon knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air
She had never heard the great wind blare.

—*George MacDonald.*

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Glím'mer, fainter. 2. Glüm, gloomy; dark. 3. Blást, a great puff of wind. 4. Rëv'els, disorderly sport. 5. Rå'di ant, beaming with brightness. 6. Mår'vel, a wonder.

Seat-Work:

How are some folks like the wind, and some others like the moon?

LESSON XVI.

| | | |
|--------------|-------------------|----------------|
| dun'ces | un a'ble | spout |
| chat'ter ing | dis'ap point'ment | com'fort a bly |
| hedge'row | sau'cy | top'most |
| hay'ricks | red'dish-brown | flan'nel |
| hĕr'on | mer'ri ly | ex am'ined |
| paused | pal'ace | jos'tling |
| height | horse'thief | crea'tures |

The King of Birds.

Now, you think I am going to tell you about the eagle. Confess that you do! "Of course," you say. "Everybody knows that the eagle is the king of birds. Do you think we are dunces?"

No, I don't think you are dunces; but perhaps there may still be a few things that you do not know, though, of course, it is only because you have not had time to learn them. And one of these few things is, that, according to ancient story, the king of birds is not the mighty eagle, but—the *wren*!—the tiny, chattering, brown wren who builds his pretty, little, round nest in hedge-rows and hayricks. I will tell you the story as it was told by a famous writer, many hundreds of years ago, and then you may believe it, or not, just as you like.

Once upon a time, then, all the birds met together

to choose a king, and they decided that the one who could soar the highest should be ruler over all the feathered tribes. Up they all sprang into the air, hawk and heron, swallow and skylark, and every bird that flies ; up, up, up, till their wings were weary and their hearts faint. But far above all the rest flew the mighty eagle, his broad wings bearing him up like sails.

When the other birds paused, exhausted, he alone soared onward and upward ; till at length, resting on his outspread wings, at a dizzy height above the earth, he screamed in triumph, "O birds, behold your king!"

"Behold him, indeed!" cried a tiny voice at his ear. "But not in you, clumsy fellow!" And the wren, who had been perched all the while, unseen and unnoticed, on the eagle's shoulder, now boldly took flight, and twittered and chirped from a still greater height ; while the weary eagle, unable to soar higher, beat his broad wings in anger and disappointment. So the wren was proclaimed the king of all birds, and remains so to this day ; and it is a very pretty story, whether you believe it or not.

Now, let us look at this saucy little king, and see what he is like. He is about four inches long, of a reddish-brown color ; and he has a saucy little cocked-up tail, and knowing black eyes, and a very sweet voice, which says very impudent things. He is always gay and cheery, and sings as merrily on a cold day as on a warm one ; which is a good point in any king.

He builds his own palace, and a very fine one it is for its size, being made very neatly of leaves, moss, and grass, and having always a dome, which covers it completely, the opening of the nest being always at the side.

King Wren prefers this domed nest to any other ; first, because it is more lofty, and, second, because it protects the royal eggs from cold and rain. But sometimes he chooses the strangest places for his nest. A wren's nest has been found in the body of a dead hawk, which had been killed and nailed to the side of a barn, to frighten other hawks.

Once a farmer had killed a calf and hung its body on a tree. (It seems a singular thing to hang a calf on a tree, as if he were a horse-thief ; but that is the way I heard the story.) Some days after, when the farmer cut the calf down in order to cut it up, he found a wren's nest in its throat. Again, I have heard of a little Queen Wren, who made her nest inside a pump, and went in and out through the spout to attend to her natural duties. "What did she do when they were pumping water?" Why, I suppose she waited until they stopped, don't you? At least, that is what I should have done in her case. When winter comes, the little wrens are put to all sorts of shifts to keep themselves warm. Sometimes, in very cold weather, they may be found all huddled together in heaps, six or seven of them in a group, looking like

masses of soft brown feathers. Sometimes they get into their summer nests, the whole family, parents and children, crowding into the little hollow under the dome.

Once a kind lady, who was very fond of birds, and used to scatter crumbs for them in her garden every day in cold weather, happened to see a party of wrens go to bed; and this is how they did it. They gathered together on a large branch of a tree, about four inches above which grew another branch. On the lower branch the wrens packed themselves comfortably together, three or four deep, the topmost bird always having his little brown back pressed against the upper branch, as if to keep the whole pile steady. The lady pitied the poor, shivering little creatures, and the next day she nailed to the branches a square box, lined with flannel, with a very small round hole by way of door. When the wrens came to go to bed they examined the box, and soon seemed to understand all about it, for they crowded in eagerly, jostling each other in their hurry to get into the fine new bedroom. The next night there were more of them, and more and more, till at last more than forty wrens would crowd into the box, which did not seem big enough to hold more than half that number. Just think! Forty kings and queens, all in one palace! What a proud lady she must have been!—
Laura E. Richards.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Con fess', admit; own; to acknowledge. 2. Ān'ciēt, old time. 3. Ex haust'ed, worn out. 4. Tri'umph, joy over success. 5. Prō-clāimed', announced publicly. 6. Īm'pū dent, saucy; pert; rude. 7. Dōme, a rounded roof. 8. Pro tēets', shields; guards. 9. Hūd'dled, crowded together in disorder. 10. Ēa'ger ly, keenly desirous.

Seat-Work :

What bird is generally called the king of birds?

What is the ancient story about the wren?

Describe the wren.

What kind of nest does it have?

Tell of some queer places where wrens have built their nests.

What do wrens do in cold weather?

How do they sleep in winter?

Tell about the kind lady's bird palace.

LESSON XVII.

| | | | |
|-------------|----------------|-------------|------------|
| mon'keys | im ag'i na ble | pre pared' | se lect'ed |
| pro fess'or | po lite'ly | trav'el ing | perch'es |
| luck'i est | par'rots | for'est | sol'emn |

The Monkeys and the Paroquets.

The professor sat cosily by the fire when the children came in after school. It was raining out of doors. Mamma usually told them stories at this time; but mamma had gone away to see poor sick grandma, and,

unless they could persuade some one to take her place, they must go to bed storyless that night.

Their finding the professor idling here was just the luckiest thing imaginable; for they knew that he had an endless stock of stories on hand, if he could only be induced to tell them, just as he did to papa and Uncle Sam in the parlor after supper.

So Lucy came politely up to the professor's side, and said, "Good evening, sir," in her prettiest way. The professor, who had been half asleep, opened his eyes and smiled kindly at the children. "Good evening! good evening!" he said. "Why, bless me, I must have been asleep. I did not hear you come in."

"Oh! we did not make a noise, so you could not have heard us. I suppose, sir, that you know a good many stories," said Lucy. "So does mamma, but then you know she is not here to-night."

"Stories!" said the professor; "why, yes; and perhaps you want to hear one? What shall it be about?"

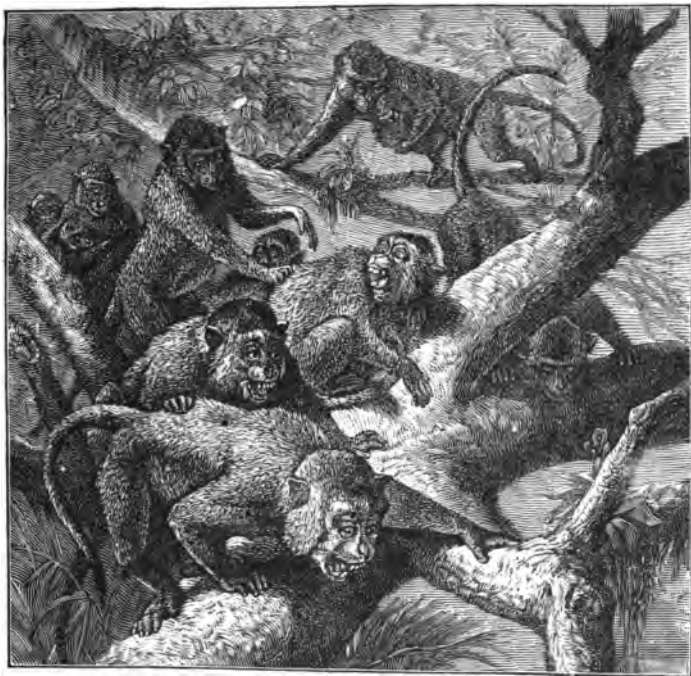
"Parrots," said Lucy.

"Monkeys," said Jack, almost in the same breath.

"Parrots, one says; monkeys, says the other. Well, now, suppose I tell a story that will include both?"

The children thought that would be delightful, and each brought a chair close to the professor's side and prepared to enjoy the story.

"Once when I was traveling in South America," began the professor, "I was in a deep forest at noon, and, as it was very warm, I sat down on a log to rest and get cool. It was so very still in the forest that it seemed as if everything must be asleep.



"On a tree close by the log on which I sat, a flock of gray-colored paroquets had settled themselves for their midday nap—*siesta* it is called in that country. They looked very dignified and solemn, sitting there with their shoulders up to their ears, as still as dead birds.

"After a while came a flock of monkeys, swinging from limb to limb on the trees, talking monkey talk in a low, slow voice, as if they were too warm or too tired to make a noise.

"Suddenly the leader caught sight of the paroquets, and stopped to have a look at them. Then he told the other monkeys, and they all stopped still, as if they were laying plans for some fun or business. Then they began swinging on again, just as quiet as they could be, till they reached the tree in which the birds were sleeping.

"Each monkey selected a bird, and crept softly up to it; then all together they seized those paroquets by their tails, and gave them a jerk that almost threw them off their perches. The birds straightened themselves up, looked about to see what had disturbed them, and scolded angrily for a few moments; but the monkeys were hidden behind the body of the tree, so that the birds could not see them.

"In a little while, the paroquets settled down to their nap again. As soon as they were sound asleep, the monkeys crept out and gave them another jerk, and hid again. This time the birds were provoked in earnest, and scolded as hard as they could; but the sly monkeys could not be seen.

"After doing this three or four times, and making the poor paroquets fairly crazy with anger, the monkeys set up a shout, and ran off into the woods laugh-

ing and chattering, monkey fashion, as if they were delighted to have made the dignified paroquets so excited.

"I have often seen a crowd of school boys in my native land act like that, and those monkeys made me think of them. Did you ever see anything like it?" the professor asked, looking at Jack.

Jack laughed, coloring a little, and looking at Lucy. He remembered more than one time when he and Lucy had played the same game the monkeys played on the paroquets.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pär o quëts', very small parrots. 2. Ėõ'zi ly, snugly; comfortably. 3. Per suade' (për swād'), win by argument or begging. 4. In-dūced', led; influenced; moved. 5. In elūde', contain; embrace. 6. Sī ěs'tā, a midday nap. 7. Dig'-ni fied, suited to inspire respect. 8. Pro voked', worried; angered. 9. Nā'tive land, the country in which one is born.

Seat-Work :

What was the story the professor told Lucy and Jack?

In what countries are monkeys found?

How does the monkey's hand differ from yours?

Tell another story you know about monkeys.

LESSON XVIII.

| | | | |
|----------|------------|------------|-------------|
| heap'ing | muffled | head'stone | arched |
| high'way | noise'less | rob'ins | heal'ing |
| si'lence | whirl'ing | snow'fall | deep'en ing |

The First Snowfall.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And, busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara,
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Then up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Glōam'ing, twilight; the dusk of early evening. 2. Fīr, a tree of the pine family, very much valued for its timber. 3. Hēm'lōck, an ever-green tree common in North America. 4. Er'mīne,

a fine white fur used for facing the coats of high officials in Europe. 5. Earl, a nobleman of England. 6. Cār rā'rā, a fine white marble from Italy. 7. Chānt'ī clēer, a cock, so called from the loudness and clearness of its voice. 8. Flūr'rīes, sudden brief blasts or gusts. 9. Au'būrn, the name of the cemetery—one of the Boston cemeteries. 10. Grād'ū āl, slow and by degrees.

LESSON XIX.

| | | | |
|-------------|-------------|------------|----------------|
| spark'ling | be gin'ning | beech'nuts | dög'wood |
| joy'ous ly | sweet'bay | hick'o ry | per sim-mon' |
| join'ing | lau'rel | wal'nut | tu'lip-pop'lar |
| mag no'li a | Span'ish | cu'cum ber | va'ri ous |
| poi'són ous | with'ered | black'gum | pine-nee'dles |

Winter Woods.

PART I.

"Who will take a walk with me into the woods to-day?" asked Aunt Kate, one bright Saturday morning in December.

"I! I! I!" exclaimed all the children—and they were soon ready, being delighted to go with Aunt Kate, who always showed them so many pretty things on the way.

After going nearly a mile through the sparkling air and warm sunshine, the children skipping so joy-

ously that Aunt Kate could hardly help joining them, they came to a deep ravine. Down they all ran to the little stream which flowed from a spring in the hillside, which was cool and sweet. They all took a drink, using big magnolia leaves, doubled up, for cups.

"Oh, see here!" called our Margaret; "here are some of the prettiest little red berries I ever saw. Are they poisonous, Aunt Kate?"

"No, those are turkey-berries. They are good to eat, but have not much taste. Find some more."

All the children at once went to work on hands and knees, scraping aside the pine straw, and finding the lovely little berries on graceful vines running close to the ground.

"Now look at this berry," said Aunt Kate, "you see these two little eyes on one side?"

"Yes," cried the children. "Here are two on mine!"

"They show that there were two flowers here which made only one berry between them. Isn't that odd? The flowers are little white stars, and are very sweet. We must look for them in the spring"

"Now look at the trees on this hill," continued Aunt Kate; "do you know their names?"

"I do," answered George, who always knew everything. "This is a pine, that is a cedar, and here is a magnolia."

"That does very well for a beginning; and here is a sweet-bay, or laurel, as it is sometimes called, and a live-oak, with the long gray Spanish moss hanging from its branches. But all these have their green leaves still on them. Now tell me the names of those with withered leaves,"—and she pointed to a group of spreading trees which had silvery trunks and dry, light-brown leaves still clinging to their branches; but the children did not know.

"Look on the ground among the leaves, and see if you can find anything to tell by."

"Oh! here are some little nuts. What pretty ones they are—three-cornered—and some of them have burrs on them!" exclaimed the children, after searching.

"Yes, they are beechnuts," said Aunt Kate, "and these beautiful trees are beech-trees. See the names cut in their bark. Those marks will stay for years and years."

"Will they?" asked George, with interest. "Then I will cut our names, too," and he began to carve in the soft bark a large G.

Around them were other trees that lose their leaves in winter—the hickory, walnut, sweetgum, the cucumber magnolia with its immense leaves—which looked like great pieces of brown paper—the chestnut, black-gum, dogwood, persimmon, tulip-poplar, and the various kinds of oak, some of which do not lose their

leaves, but hold them, either green or brown and withered, all winter.

On the ground lay the dead leaves, mingled with the fragrant pine-needles.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ra vine', a deep, narrow hollow. 2. Groûp, a cluster; a clump. 3. Im mense', very large.

Seat-Work:

Describe the place to which Aunt Kate took the children.

What did they learn about the turkey-berries they found?

Write a list of all the trees they saw.

Add the names of any other forest trees you know.

LESSON XX.

| | | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| side'wise | straw'berry' | cat'bri'ar | viv'id |
| mush'rooms | tu'lip | green'bri'ar | seized |
| fra'grant | pop'lar | bam boo' | leaf'less |
| Vir'gin i a | smi'lax | jes'sa mine | suc ceed'ed |

Winter Woods.

PART II.

"Now, children," said Aunt Kate, "don't you want to slide down the hill?"

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed all at once; "but how can we do it?"

"Get those old barrel staves lying up there on top of the hill."

When they brought the barrel staves, Aunt Kate said, "Sit in the curved side, and slide down on the pine straw."

The boys saw at once how to do it, and were off with a shout, but the girls had to learn to gather up their skirts out of the way. They all had as jolly and merry a time as could be imagined, and did not mind when they rolled off sidewise, or tumbled heels over head at the foot of the hill. Up they got, and went at it again with new zest.

In the hollows along the stream, grew ferns, green and fresh, lichens, mosses, and mushrooms, or "toad-stools," of all shapes, colors, and sizes. On the hill-side, the children found the fragrant heart-leaves, or Virginia ginger-root, violet, and wild strawberry, which would make a perfect flower garden of the spot in the spring.

"O Aunt Kate, look at that red bird!" called out Ruth suddenly.

"Where?"

"In this tree; I see him," said George, running up and looking high into a tulip-poplar. "He flew there just now."

"Oh, there he goes!" cried little Charles, "He looks like a fire-bird, Aunt Kate; doesn't he?"

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, "and he sings as if he had fire in his heart."

On the tall trees hung vines of various sorts—the



SOUTHERN WOODS IN WINTER.

smilax, called also catbriar, the greenbriar, the bamboo, the yellow jessamine, the cross-vine, and the wild grape; these, with their vivid green and red and rich brown colors, made lovely curtains for the leafless trees.

Strong-armed Margaret seized the stout stem of a smilax, and after vigorous pulling succeeded in bringing down from a tree thirty or forty feet high a beautiful mass of the glossy green leaves. The children decked themselves with its graceful sprays, and, as they walked about, they looked like green-clothed Dryads, or moving bushes.

"Well, let's go home," said Aunt Kate; "it is nearly dinner time."

"Dinner time! Why, we have just come!" exclaimed all the children.

"Look for goodness, look for gladness!

You will find them all the while;

If you bring a smiling visage

To the glass, you meet a smile."

—*Louise Manly.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Im äg'ined, supposed; thought. 2. Zëst, interest; excitement. 3. Höl'lōw, a low place surrounded by higher ground. 4. Li'ehens, air plants often found on trees and rocks. 5. Vig'or ōus, strong; forcible. 6. Ex claimed', cried out. 7.

Dry'ads, wood nymphs or fairies. 8. Viſ'aġe, the face or countenance.

Seat-Work:

Write a list of the other plants they found.

Write what you know about any one of them.

In what part of the country do these plants grow?

LESSON XXI.

PART I.

| | | |
|----------|---------|----------|
| breast | heav'en | thoughts |
| straight | an'gel | si'lent |

A Water Lily.

O star on the breast of the river,
O marvel of bloom and grace,
Did you fall straight down from heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel;
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the golden city,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not from heaven;
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the darkness
Down in the dreary night.

From the ooze of the silent river

I won my glory and grace.

White souls fall not, O my poet ;

They rise to the sweetest place.

—*M. F. Butts.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mār'vēl, a wonder. 2. Stēēped ; filled with. 3. Rā'diant, beaming with brightness. 4. Sāint'ly, pure ; like a saint. 5. Drēar'y, dull ; dark. 6. Ooze (ōōze), soft mud or slime.

Seat-Work :

What was the lesson the water lily taught ?

Copy and memorize the poem.

PART II.

| | | | |
|------------|---------|------------|----------|
| pleas'ures | roam | else'where | cot'tage |
| pal'a ces | hum'ble | daz'zles | gay'ly |

Home, Sweet Home.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 elsewhere.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !

Be it ever so humble,

There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !
 Oh, give me my lowly, thatched cottage again !
 The birds singing gayly that came at my call ;
 Oh, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all !
 Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
 Be it ever so humble,
 There's no place like home !

—*John Howard Payne.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. MĪd, in the midst of; among. 2. Hăl'lōw, bless; consecrate. 3. Ex'ile, one who lives or wanders away from home and friends. 4. Splēn'dōr, wealth; grandeur. 5. Thătched, covered with reeds, straw or similar material.

Seat-Work :

Copy and memorize the poem.

LESSON XXII.

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------|--------------|----------------|
| lil'ies | warn'ing ly | arm'ful | laughed |
| al'der | del'i cate | re peat'ing | scorn'ful ly |
| whis'per ing | twist'ed | goose'ber ry | hon'ey suck le |
| a muse' | min'gleth | trem'bled | to geth'er |

Ruth's Lilies.

PART I.

The alder bushes were whispering to the winds,
 and the brook was singing a little song to amuse itself
 as it ran along, but the blue violets lifted their heads

and shook them warningly : let everything be silent ; for little Ruth, their friend, was sleeping, while the delicate green moss twisted itself around her brown curls. But

“Not all the whispers that the soft winds utter
Speak earthly things.
There mingleth there sometimes a gentle flutter
Of angel's wings.”

And a gentler voice than the alder's came to waken the little maiden, whose opening eyes saw an angel bending over her, with an armful of fair, white lilies from the garden above, and the sweet voice was saying, “My Ruth, take these and plant them.” The child stretched out her arms and clasped them, but dared not speak.

“The only soil in which they will grow, is the human heart,” added the angel, and turned back to heaven ; but still the sweet voice sounded, floating downward to the child :

“‘Bear a lily in thy hand ;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.’”

The little maiden started up, and clasping the lilies, followed a path that led deep into the wood, repeating over and over again :

“Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.”

By-and-by, she came upon a dwarf, sitting under a gooseberry bush by the path side, who scowled at her till she trembled in terror, and, when she tried to run away, raised his hand and pulled her back. What



could she do? "If I only had money to give him, perhaps he would let me go," she sobbed to herself; "but I have nothing, nothing at all—but my lilies."

She took one from the bunch, and held it out to him. The dwarf laughed scornfully, then took it,

held it for a moment, and said with a gentler look, "I will take it to my little girl. There, go away, child." And Ruth went with all speed.

Near the edge of the wood, she came upon a high stone wall, inclosing a beautiful garden full of roses and lilies and fragrant violets, while honeysuckles clambered over the wall. A huge brazen gate with bars and bolts had once shut away every one from the inclosure, but now the gate stood open, and the bolts hung broken and rusted, while the grasses that had grown up in front of it tossed their heads against the upper bar. All could enter and gather the flowers at their will, and Ruth went in and plucked a lily to add to those she held, and she smiled to see that it was no less fair and white than those from the heavenly garden.

Outside the garden, Ruth heard the wail of a little child, and, with some searching, found a wee girl, lost, and sobbing for her mother. "Come with me, and we will find her," said Ruth, coaxingly. The child drew back shyly; but she caught sight of the flowers, and, with a cry of delight, reached out her arms for them, following Ruth.

"The angel told me to plant them," said Ruth; but she could not resist the childish plea, and placed a tiny one—the sweetest of them all—in the chubby hands, and, laughing merrily, the two followed the wood path together.

Outside the forest, they found the mother calling for her baby, and near by was their cottage. The mother pressed Ruth to go home with them, but she shook her head, saying that she must go on and plant her lilies.

"One for mamma, too," demanded the child, eagerly, clinging to Ruth's dress, till she drew a lily from her bunch for the mother; then she hurried on, throwing back kisses as she went.—*Jessica G. Cone.*

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Măg'ie, wonder-working. 2. Wănd, a small stick or rod. 3. Dwărf, a person unnaturally small. 4. Těr'ror, great fright. 5. Ėlăm'běred, climbed. 6. In clōș'ure, a space inclosed by a fence. 7. Ėdăx'ing lŷ, gently, encouragingly. 8. Chŷb bŷ, plump; short and thick.

Seat-Work :

Relate what happened to Ruth under the alder bushes.

What did the angel give her?

What was she to do with them?

What was her adventure with the dwarf?

What did she find near the edge of the wood?

What happened outside the garden?

Was Ruth doing what the angel told her to do?

Why do you think so?

LESSON XXIII.

| | | | |
|-------------|------------|----------------|------------------|
| wea'ri ly | rough | win'dow | un self'ish ness |
| la'zi ly | (rūf) | stitched | un hap'py |
| shep'herd | shel'ter | blos'soms | daugh'ter |
| sweet'heart | knocked | fern'-cov ered | ful fill'ment |
| al read'y | caught | ei'ther | quar'reled |
| droop'ing | crab'apple | in'no cence | crip'pled |

Ruth's Lilies.

PART II. .

A wide moor stretched on and on before her, and, after a time, she sank down wearily on a stone, beside a brook that crept lazily across the moor.

"How sweet my lilies are!" she said aloud, as she looked down on them, resting on her arm.

"Yes, they are sweet," said the gay voice of a shepherd behind her. "Give me one for my sweet-heart."

"No, they are mine," and Ruth grasped them tightly. "I have given away three already, and the angel gave them to me. I want them."

The shepherd turned away with cross words, and Ruth watched him throwing stones at the birds flying overhead.

When she looked back at her flowers, they were all drooping; her rough grasp had broken and crushed

them. It was growing dark, and she was tired and hungry and alone. She looked across the meadows for some place of shelter, and saw a light gleaming in a cottage window far away. With quick step, she went toward it, and knocked at the cottage door.

"Who's there?" called a voice from within.

"It is only little Ruth," she replied. "May I come in?"

The door opened a crack, and a lame woman peeped timidly out; but, when she caught sight of the lilies, a smile crept over her face, which had been as sour as a crab-apple, and, pushing the door wide open, she drew Ruth in and gave her food and shelter.

With the sunrise, Ruth was ready to go out into the world again; but her hostess had asked for a lily to plant under her window, that, as she sat and stitched, stitched, stitched all day, it might cheer her lonely hours. Ruth would gladly have given it, but she thought with a sad heart of the crushed blossoms, when, lo! she found them all fresh and sweet in the morning air. Carrying gladness in her heart, and leaving gladness behind her, she went on her way.

After a time, she came upon a little school-house by the road-side, where the children were already gathering for school. As she stopped to watch their play, they clustered around her, begging each a lily; and each had one, and their play was merrier, and their songs were blither all day long.

But Ruth turned away, half-glad, half-sad, for only one little flower was left her.

"I must keep you," she said, looking into the deep heart of the lily; "but, oh, dear! I shall not have another one to give away; that will be worse than not having any at all. I believe if any one wants this very badly I shall give it to him."

She had entered a glen with fern-covered banks on either side, when down the mossy pathway to meet her came the white-winged angel of the lilies, bringing another armful more white and sweet than before. Ruth eagerly held out her hands for them, then drew back, hesitating.

"I did not plant the others," she said.

But the angel answered: "Little one, did I not tell you that the only soil in which the lilies of innocence and unselfishness will thrive is the human heart? Your lilies are growing. Let me tell you of the gardens.

"The dwarf had been very cross to his little girl, and had made her home unhappy, and his own heart was more unhappy still; but that gate of brass could not withstand the fragrance of the lily, which bore him back to his mother's garden when he was a little boy. With the thought, his mother's love rose, and blossomed again in his own home, and his little daughter is very happy.

"The child you found crying in the wood carried

your lily about, looking into its white petals, till the wish to make her own life as fair and white began to grow into fulfillment.

"But, my child, you should not have refused the shepherd one. That made him cross, and he quarreled that evening with his sweetheart; but the crippled seamstress, who seldom goes beyond her cottage-door, finds every day brighter for the flower that nods just outside her window-sill.

"The lilies are all planted, too, in the hearts of the school-children; they will be growing by-and-by. Therefore, take these, too, and look upward for the rain that shall make them grow."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mōōr, a piece of waste land. 2. Mēād'ōw, a piece of low, level ground, generally wet but covered with grass. 3. Glēām'ing, shining. 4. Sour, harsh; sharp; disagreeable. 5. Hōst'ēss, a woman who receives and entertains guests. 6. Clūs-tēred, gathered closely, or into a bunch. 7. Blīth'ēr, gayer; merrier. 8. Thrive, grow; flourish. 9. Frā'-grance, sweetness of smell. 10. Sēam'strēss, a woman who sews.—*Jessica G. Cone.*

Seat-Work :

What happened to Ruth out on the moor?

What made her lilies droop?

What revived them?

What had the angel told Ruth to do with them?

What were the lilies really?

Where do such lilies grow?

What did the angel at last say to Ruth about the lilies?

LESSON XXIV.

| | | | |
|--------------|-----------------|--------------|------------|
| pas'ture | scar'let-lipped | el'der-bloom | strong'est |
| wheat'fields | snow'drops | dusk'y | sword |
| rip'en ing | crim'son | black'ber ry | chis'el |

Little Brown Hands.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain ;
They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows.
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow ;
They gather the elder-bloom white ;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines ;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand ;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—
Fairly barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
 Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
 And at night-time are folded in slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
 The humble and poor become great;
 And so from these brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
 The pen of the author and statesman,—
 The noble and wise of the land,—
 The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*M. H. Krout.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Quail, the partridge; the Bob White. 2. El'dēr-blōm, blossom of a brookside plant bearing white flowers and red berries. 3. Pûr'ple, to grow purple. 4. Děl'i cāte, fine or frail. 5. It'a lý, a country in Southern Europe. 6. O'rī ōle, a bright colored bird, which builds a hanging nest made of grass. 7. Au'thōr, one who writes a book. 8. Stātes'mān, one skilled in law-making. 9. Pāl'ette, a thin oval tablet upon which artists mix their colors in painting.

Seat-Work:

Tell some of the things that the little brown hands do.
 What kind of hand is the most beautiful? Why?

LESSON XXV.

| | | |
|------------------|--------------|---------------|
| dread'ful ly | a fraid' | broad'brimmed |
| a rith'me tic | peach'es | vel'vet |
| prac'tice | re mem'ber | lin'ing |
| dis a gree'a ble | man'age | tempt'ed |
| ex plained' | af'ter noon' | un'der nēath' |
| puz'zling | prick'ly | grum'ble |
| kit'chen | chest'nut | un'der stand' |

The Chestnut Burr.

"Sister, I can't get this sum right. Won't you help me?" asked little Nellie, coming into the room with her slate.

"You must be dreadfully stupid not to understand such a simple thing as that," Marian answered, as she took the slate impatiently out of the child's hand. "Now, if I have to stop and fuss with your old arithmetic, I shan't have any time to practice!"

"Never mind," said Nellie, meekly.

"Oh, you needn't go away! I suppose I can spare the time somehow."

And very clearly, though in a disagreeable manner, Marian explained the puzzling example, so Nellie found out where her mistake had been.

"Marian!" called her mother from the kitchen. "I am afraid Tom forgot to stop at the grocer's and

order the peaches. Did you remind him again before he went?"

"No, mother; I thought he ought to remember for once without being reminded all the time," Marian answered, pettishly. "I suppose I have got to go and order them."

"You need not, if you are busy," her mother answered. "I can manage to wait for them until this afternoon, when Tom comes home."

"No, that isn't worth while; I'll go."

And Marian put on her hat, and went to the store.

It was a warm morning, and when Marian returned from her walk she went on the porch to cool off.

A green, prickly chestnut burr had dropped from the tree in front of the house, and her grandfather pushed it about with his cane, saying:

"It's too bad that anything with as good a heart as a chestnut burr should have such prickly, sharp covering; isn't it?"

"Yes, I'd rather go without the chestnut than hurt my hands opening such a prickly burr," answered Marian, fanning herself with the broad-brimmed hat.

"Yet, it's only on the outside that it is sharp," said grandfather. "It has a velvet lining inside, and there are no sweeter nuts anywhere than the brown, polished beauties which nestle in their soft hiding place. That chestnut burr makes me think of some one I know."

"Who?" asked Marian, with interest.

"A little friend of mine who has the kindest heart possible. She is always ready to do a kindness for any one, and she never refuses to grant a favor; but she always is so ungracious about her kind deeds, and says so many sharp, irritating things, that one is tempted to forget the warm heart underneath and remember only the prickly burr. If she would only do her kind deeds in a kindly way, they would be doubly appreciated."

Marian blushed.

"I suppose you mean me, grandfather," she said, after a little pause. "I didn't think it mattered much if I do grumble a little, so long as I always do what I am asked."

"It makes one feel sometimes as if it was hardly worth while to get his fingers pricked for the sake of the nut," grandfather answered. "Let this prickly preacher preach you a sermon, dear, and learn to do good deeds kindly."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Stū'pid, very dull. 2. Im pā'tiēnt lŷ, hastily; not gently. 3. Mēēk'lŷ, gently; mildly. 4. Pēt'tish lŷ, fretfully; peevishly. 5. Pōl'ished, smooth and glossy. 6. Un grā'ciōūs, unpleasant; offensive. 7. Ir rī tāt Ing, provoking; causing anger. 8. Ap prē'ci āted, valued.

Seat-Work;

How was Marian like the chestnut burr?

LESSON XXVI.

| | | | |
|----------------|----------------|-----------|--------------|
| pleas'ant | fright'ened | key'hole | ter'ri ble |
| Pa tience | heav'en ly | pan'ther | quiv'ered |
| com'fort a ble | dai'ly | snatched | cau'tious ly |
| chim'ney | wel'come | bed'stëad | brav'er y |
| crack'led | whip'poor will | emp'tied | cour'age |

How Aunt Patience Killed the Panther.

Sitting around the pleasant fire one evening, my grandmother told me this story :

Years ago, she said, before I was born, Uncle John and Aunt Patience came from England to find a home in the wilderness here. They made a clearing, and built a little log house with only one room, warm and comfortable in winter, pleasant and airy in summer. I say they, for Aunt Patience helped with her hands as well as her heart.

In those days the chimney was nearly half the size of the house. In the cold weather, when the stone hearth was piled high with the big logs cut from the many trees that grew around their home, and the flames roared and crackled up the wide mouth of the huge chimney, Aunt Patience thought nothing could be more cheerful and homelike. In the summer the cool breeze swept down from the tree-tops, "singing and sighing like a voice from home," she said.

Aunt Patience was very lonely when Uncle John

went to the mill, and she could not hear the strokes of his ax all day long. The nearest mill was many miles away, and one bright summer morning Uncle John started with the bag of grain securely fastened to the back of the old horse, and his gun on his shoulder, for it was not safe to ride through the woods without it.

"Good bye, little woman," he said; "don't be lonely or frightened. Our heavenly Father will take care of you. When it begins to be dark, fasten the door and window, and I will be home before morning."

Aunt Patience watched him spring to his horse's back, and ride away in the dewy June morning with a strange, dull sinking at her heart. Then she went about her daily tasks, making the house bright and clean. When night came she milked their cow, Daisy, and locked her up in the little lean-to back of the house, for fear of the Indians. Still, Aunt Patience had no great fear of them, and when all was done and the gloomy night settled down, she saw all was safe. Then she took her work and sat down by the one light, and tried to wait quietly for the welcome sound of the old horse's footstep coming through the wood.

Nine, ten, said the little clock. No sound outside but the whippoorwill's call and the night wind.

No sound? Hark! Was that a footstep, soft and stealthy? "Indians," thought the poor woman, listening, expecting to hear a harsh whisper at the key-



HOW AUNT PATIENCE KILLED THE PANTHER,

hole. Again, round and round the house, two of them, she thought. It seemed like two pairs of creeping feet, then a scratching sound, and a low, deep growl from over her head.

Looking suddenly up the wide chimney, she saw the lithe body and fiery eyes of a huge panther crouching just ready to spring down.

What could she do? Open the door and dash away to the woods? That would be certain death, for then she would be an easy prey for the panther. Another deep growl, louder and more angry.

Then, remembering the fear such creatures have of fire, quick as thought she snatched the straw bed from the bedstead in the corner, tore open the cover, and emptied all the straw upon the few embers that still remained on the hearth. In a moment there was a blaze, and with the blaze and heat pouring into his face the panther gave loud cries of rage and slunk off into the woods.

But Aunt Patience knew too well that it was only for a short time. Soon the fire would burn itself all out, and back he would come. She breathed a prayer to God for her safety. Again the stealthy footsteps sounded around the house and her heart grew faint with fear. Then she thought of the old musket over the door; quickly it was taken down and loaded, then as the panther came down the chimney she knelt, raised the gun to her shoulder, and fired.

There was a scream of rage and pain, a mighty crash, and Aunt Patience sprang up in time to miss the terrible panther falling down the chimney, and rolling over and over on the floor in his death agony.

Aunt Patience climbed on the high bedstead and crouched in one corner, trembling and fearing that her danger was not over yet. At last, with one drawing up of the great limbs, and a last struggle, the monstrous body quivered once and was still.

The brave little woman stepped down from her place of safety, crept cautiously across the floor and rushed out into the night. As she did so the welcome sound of old Whitefoot's trot came faintly to her ear; then nearer, nearer, and soon she saw horse and rider appear through the gloom. Oh! how glad she was! And how thankful Uncle John, when he saw the great beast lying dead on the floor, and thought that but for her bravery and courage his dear wife might have been torn in pieces.

Aunt Patience never stayed alone in the house again at night; and though she had many adventures while living in the wilderness before a village grew up around them, she never forgot that terrible night when she killed the panther.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Wil'der nēss, a wild, uncultivated region. 2. Hūge, very large. 3. Līthe, limber. 4. Crouch'ing, lying low on the ground, ready for a

spring. 5. Rāge, violent anger ; fury. 6. Stēalth'y, sly. 7. Mūs'ket, an old-time muzzle-loading gun. 8. Mōn'stroūs, enormous, huge. 9. Ad vēnt'ūres, remarkable experiences.

Seat-Work :

Tell this story in your own words.

LESSON XXVII.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|------------|----------------|
| drift'ed | plāid | veil | ten'der ness |
| tōssed | floun'dered | shriek'ing | un moved' |
| frost'y starred | strug'gling | heed'est | sen ti men'tal |

Red Riding-Hood.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
 Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap ;
 The wind that through the pine-trees sung
 The naked elm-bough tossed and swung ;
 While through the window, frosty-starred,
 Against the sunset purple barred,
 We saw the sombre crow flap by,
 The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
 The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
 The squirrel poising on the drift,
 Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
 Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse :
" Oh, see," she cried, " the poor blue-jays !
What is it that the black crow says ?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs ;
He's asking for my nuts, I know ;
May I not feed them on the snow ? "

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn ;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale ;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke ;
" Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper's blown away !

Don't be afraid, we all are good ;
 And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood !"
 O Thou whose care is over all,
 Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,
 Keep in the little maiden's breast
 The pity which is now its guest !
 Let not her cultured years make less
 The childhood charm of tenderness ;
 But let her feel as well as know,
 Nor harder with her polish grow !
 Unmoved by sentimental grief
 That wails along some printed leaf,
 But prompt with kindly word and deed
 To own the claims of all who need,
 Let the grown woman's self make good
 The promise of Red Riding-Hood !

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Söm'bre, dull ; black. 2. Flëck,
 a speck. 3. Pois'ing, balancing. 4. A lërt', brisk ;
 watchful. 5. E clipse', dimness. 6. Fôr lôrn', lonely ;
 forsaken. 7. Eül'tured, educated ; cultivated. 8.
 Pöl'ish, learning ; culture.

Seat-Work :

What is meant by "the window, frosty-starred" ?

What is meant by "the sunset purple barred" ?

What is the meaning of "The hawk's gray *fleck* along the sky" ?

What did the little girl at the window say ?

What did she say to the birds and squirrels while feeding them ?

What is the poet's prayer for little Red Riding-Hood ?

LESSON XXVIII.

| | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|--------------|-------------|
| reck'less | hur'ry ing | se cured' | diff'er ent |
| sim plic'i ty | swim'ming | di rect'ing | sŷr'up |
| un'suc cess'ful | o'ver flowed' | un der took' | de served' |

Witling.

Two sons of a king once started out to seek adventures, and fell into a wild, reckless way of living, and gave up all thoughts of going home again. Their third and youngest brother, who was called Witling, and who had remained behind, started off to seek them, and when at last he found them, they jeered at his simplicity in thinking that he could make his way in the world, while they, who were so much cleverer, were unsuccessful.

But they all three went on together until they came to an ant-hill, which the two elder brothers wished to stir up, that they might see the little ants hurrying about in their fright, carrying off their eggs, but Witling said:

“Leave the little creatures alone; I will not suffer them to be disturbed.”

And they went on farther, until they came to a lake, where a number of ducks were swimming about. The two elder brothers wanted to catch a couple and coop them; but Witling would not allow it, and said:

"Leave the creatures alone ; I will not suffer them to be killed."

And then they came to a bees' nest in a tree, in which there was so much honey that it overflowed and ran down the trunk. The two elder brothers then wanted to make a fire beneath the tree, that the bees might be stifled by the smoke, and then they could get at the honey. But Witling prevented them, saying :

"Leave the little creatures alone ; I will not suffer them to be stifled."

At last the three brothers came to a castle, where there were in the stable many horses standing, all of stone. The brothers went through all the rooms until they came to a door at the end secured with three locks, and in the middle of the door a small opening through which they could look into the room.

They saw a little gray-haired man sitting at a table. They called out to him once, twice, and he did not hear ; but at the third time he got up, undid the locks and came out. Without speaking a word he led them to a table loaded with all sorts of good things, and, when they had eaten and drunk, he showed to each his bed-chamber.

The next morning the little gray man came to the eldest brother, and, beckoning him, brought him to a table of stone, on which were written three things,



WITLING AND THE GRATEFUL DUCK.

directing by what means the castle could be delivered from its enchantment.

The first thing was, that in the woods under the moss lay the pearls belonging to the princess—a thousand in number—and they were to be sought and collected, and if he who should undertake the task had not finished it by sunset—if but one pearl were missing—he must be turned to stone.

So the eldest brother went out, and searched all day, but at the end of it he had found only one hundred. So just what was said on the table of stone came to pass, and he was turned into stone. The second brother undertook the adventure next day, but it fared with him no better than with the first. He found two hundred pearls, and was turned into stone.

And so, at last, it was Witling's turn, and he began to search in the moss ; but it was a very tedious business to find the pearls, and he grew so out of heart that he sat down on a stone and began to weep. As he was sitting thus, up came the ant-king with five thousand ants whose lives had been saved through Witling's pity, and it was not very long before the little insects had collected all the pearls and put them in a heap.

Now, the second thing ordered by the table of stone was to get the key of the princess' sleeping-chamber out of the lake.

And when Witling came to the lake, the ducks,

whose lives he had saved, came swimming, and dived below, and brought up the key from the bottom.

The third thing that had to be done was the most difficult; that was to choose the youngest and loveliest of the three princesses, as they lay sleeping. All bore a perfect resemblance each to the other, and differed only in this—that, before they went to sleep each one had eaten a different sweetmeat—the eldest, a piece of sugar; the second, a little syrup; and the third, a spoonful of honey.

Now, the queen-bee of those bees that Witling had protected from the fire came at this moment, and, trying the lips of all three, settled on those of the one that had eaten the honey; and so it was that Witling knew which one to choose. Then the spell was broken; every one awoke from a stony sleep and took his right form again.

Witling married the youngest and loveliest princess, and became king after her father's death. His two brothers had to put up with the two sisters; but, as they were very lovely, the brothers really fared better than they deserved.—*Grimm*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Wit'ling, this name means a person who has little wit or understanding. 2. Ad vën'tûres, wonderful or unusual happenings. 3. Jēered, mocked; made fun of. 4. Ēlëv'er er, smarter; sharper; more quick-witted. 5. Dis tûrbed', troubled; an-

noyed. 6. Sti'fled, suffocated; choked. 7. Pre-
 vent'ed, stopped. 8. Bäck'on ing, calling by motions
 of the hand. 9. En chànt'ment, a spell caused by
 some demon spirit. 10. Tě'di ous, slow; tiresome.
 11. Re sëm'blance, likeness.

Seat-Work :

Who were the three brothers?

Why did they leave home?

What happened to them on their journey?

Which one do you think behaved best on the way? Why?

Tell what happened at the castle.

How did Witling manage to do the work set out for him?

What does the lesson teach?

LESSON XXIX.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------------|--------------|-------------|
| Ju'pi ter | off'er ed | mis'tle toe | med'i cine |
| sa'cred | Dru'ids | cho'sen | Ger'mans |
| tem'ples | re kin'dled | pro ces'sion | wor'shipped |

Legends of Oak Trees.

The ancient Greeks and Romans thought that the oak belonged specially to Jupiter, the king of the gods. The Greeks believed it was the first tree that grew on the earth, and one of their stories said that when Jupiter was born, his cradle lay under the shadow of an oak. There was a grove of sacred oaks which they used to visit when they wished to learn

his will. They read his answer in the whispers of the wind among the leaves.

The ancient Britons also held the oak to be a sacred tree, belonging to the god of thunder. Groves of oaks were their temples. Under oak trees they offered their sacrifices and tried their prisoners.

Their priests wore oak chaplets, and were called Druids, the men of oaks. Their sacred fires were of burning oak logs, and the Yule log burnt at their great feast was of oak. Every year the people put out the house fires and rekindled them from the sacred fire.

This was the beginning of a custom that has just died out. In every house a Yule log was laid on the Christmas fire, and then taken off half burnt and kept all the year to relight the next Christmas fire. The children always gathered around to see the great log laid on the hearth before the merry games began.

To the Britons everything that grew on the oak was sacred. When an oak was found with mistletoe growing upon it, they thought it was sent as a sign that their god had chosen the tree for himself.

The Druids who found the tree with the mistletoe said it had been shown them in a vision. They formed a solemn procession, and dressed in white garments, leading two white bulls, marched to the tree. The bulls were tied to it by the horns, and the mistletoe was cut off with a golden knife and

dropped into a white cloth held to catch it. The bulls were then sacrificed, and the mistletoe given to the people, who made medicine from it.

The Germans, like the Britons, thought the oak belonged to the god of thunder. We are told that the good Bishop Boniface hewed down a famous tree under which they worshipped their gods. The people stood around watching, expecting to see him struck down by lightning. But after a few strokes of the ax, to their great surprise, the tree fell down in four large pieces.

There are a great many other stories about oak trees which I would like to tell you, but as I haven't time, perhaps you may find them out and tell them to me.—*Mrs. Dyson (adapted)*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Lěg'ënd, a story handed down from ancient times. 2. Brīt'òns, the earliest inhabitants of the British Isles. 3. Săe'rī fīc ēs (săk'rī fīz ěz), offerings or gifts to the gods. 4. Chăp'lêts, wreathes or garlands for the head. 5. Yŭle, an old name for Christmas. 6. Viŝ'iòn, something seen in a trance or while asleep; a dream. 7. Söl'ëmḡ, grave; serious; devout. 8. Bön'i făçḡ, the great Catholic Missionary to the early Germans. 9. Hewed (hūd), cut.

Seat-Work:

What did the ancient Greeks and Romans believe about the oak?

What did the ancient Britons believe about it?
 What was their religious service?
 What were their priests called?
 Tell about the Yule log.
 What is the story about the mistletoe?
 What other people thought like the Britons about the oak?
 What did Bishop Boniface do to correct this idolatry?

LESSON XXX.

| | | | |
|------------------|-------------|--------------|-----------|
| sprout'ing | o'ver coat' | col lec'tion | gar'ments |
| no'ticed | rib'bons | sep'a rat'ed | stop'pers |
| dis'a gree'a ble | fas'tened | ma ter'ial | pre'cious |

Oak Bark.

You have watched the budding of the oak trees and the sprouting of the acorns. Have you ever noticed the bark? Have you ever been into a tannery and seen the great pits of brown water, and the piles of skins of animals, and the busy men at work? The odor, you remember, is very disagreeable, but it is a healthy odor.

What is it that made the water so brown, and that turned those soft skins into hard, tough leather? Oak bark. Perhaps you saw it piled in great stacks—strips of the oak's rough overcoat which once kept its heart so warm and dry.

In this overcoat there is something called *tannin*. This comes out when the bark is steeped in water,

and changes the skins so that they will not decay or rot. Now you see why the place is called a *tan-yard*, and why the skins are said to be *tanned*. You see also why the sun is said to *tan* you, because it turns your face the color of tannin water, and why your little dog is black-and-*tan*.

Can you get a piece of bark from the tan-yard or from the woodman, or strip a bit from an old branch and see what it is like? This rough, warm overcoat is both padded and lined.

Look at the bright brown lining, smooth and tough. You can split it into threads and ribbons. If you look carefully you will see that it is like several thin leaves of a book fastened together. Perhaps it is because of this it is called *liber*, or the book. You do not call your books *liber*, but your father calls his collection of books a *library*.

This *liber* that lines the coat of nearly every kind of tree, made some of the first ladies' dresses, and in some parts of the world it is still used for that purpose. When these brown leaves are separated and soaked and pounded they make a soft, thin material.

But now look at the padding. What is that like? Cut it with your knife and see. Do you think it is like cork? See how blunt it makes your knife. This is true cork. In one kind of oak, which grows chiefly in Spain and Portugal, this cork padding grows very thick. Every few years it breaks up and

falls off the tree in great flakes, as if the tree were too warm and were casting its garments.

But cork is too useful for us to allow it to be thrown off in this way. So when there is a good, thick layer, men go out with sharp knives and cut it all off before it cracks. Then the tree starts afresh and makes another coat. The first coat is not ready to be taken off till the tree is about twenty years old. This first coat is not very good, but after that there is a good coat ready to be cut away every six or eight years. This goes on for about one hundred and fifty years, when the tree says, "Enough, I can do no more."

You may do a little example and find out how many coats it has parted with to give us stoppers for our bottles, and, best of all, the jackets and buoys and precious life-boats which have saved so many hundreds of lives. Surely, we shall say, "Well done, good tree."—*Mrs. Dyson (adapted)*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Tăn'nin, tannic acid; a juice extracted from the bark of certain trees, and used in the manufacture of leather. 2. Pört'ū gal, a country in southwest Europe. 3. Ćäst'ing, shedding. 4. Buqŷ (boy), a floating object placed in dangerous water to guide sailors.

Seat-Work :

What are some of the useful parts of an oak-tree?

For what is the bark used?

How is tannin gotten from the bark?

Describe the bark of an oak.

What is the lining of the bark called?

How is the word library derived?

For what was the *liber* formerly used?

What is cork?

How is it gotten from the tree?

How often can the cork be cut from a tree?

Where does the cork-tree grow?

How many coats of cork does a tree shed in one hundred and fifty years?

LESSON XXXI.

| | | | |
|-----------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| knee-deep | stead'i ly | jol'li er | corpse |
| wea'ri ly | read'i ly | breathes | stand'eth |
| sigh'ing | li'eth | flick'er | wait'eth |

The Death of the Old Year.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,

And the winter winds are wearily sighing.

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,

And tread softly and speak low,

For the Old Year lies a-dying.

Old Year, you must not die ;

You came to us so readily,

You lived with us so steadily,

Old Year you shall not die.

He lieth still ; he doth not move :

He will not see the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,

And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go ;

So long as you have been with us,

Such joy as you have seen with us,

Old Year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;

A jollier year we shall not see.

But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,

And tho' his foes speak ill of him,

He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die :

We did so laugh and cry with you,

I've half a mind to die with you,

Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,

But all his merry quips are o'er.

To see him die, across the waste

His son and heir doth ride post-haste,

But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,

And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,

Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! Over the snow

I heard just now the crowing cock.

The shadows flicker to and fro :

The cricket chirps : the light burns low :

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.

Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you :

What is it we can do for you ?

Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.

Alack ! Our friend is gone.

Close up his eyes : tie up his chin.

Step from the corpse, and let him in

That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,

And a new face at the door, my friend,

A new face at the door.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Fröthed, foamed. 2. Būmp'ers, drinking glasses. 3. Wāx ing', growing ; becoming. 4. Jēst, something said or done in order to amuse ; fun. 5. Quīps, bright remarks ; jokes ; jests. 6. Pōst-hāste, rapidly. 7. Blīthe, gay ; merry ; joyous. 8. Rūe, sorrow. 9. A lāck', alas.

LESSON XXXII.

| | | | |
|-----------|--------------|------------|-----------|
| Ca taw'ba | searched | war'ri or | judg'ment |
| mar'ried | clothes | (war'yer) | coun'cil |
| scold'ed | en camp'ment | as sem'bly | Oc to'ber |

The Arm-Chair of Tustenuggee.

PART I.

In upper South Carolina, there lived two braves of the Catawba nation who were great friends, and who were named Conattee and Selonee. Conattee was married to an ugly and cruel wife, who scolded him and treated him very badly. Selonee was not married.

One day, Conattee and Selonee went out hunting, and soon came upon a great wolf. Conattee struck him, and then plunged into the river after him to kill him. Selonee turned about to hunt something else, and soon found the she-wolf and four cubs in the brush. After a hard struggle, he killed her; then he went to look for Conattee.

He saw the tracks where he had gone into the river, and where he had come out after the great wolf. The tracks went a little way, and then stopped. But Selonee could not find Conattee nor any further trace of him. He called, and searched, and went to the river and back again, looking everywhere; but all in vain.

Finally, he was obliged to go home without his friend. He took the clothes of Conattee, which were lying on the river bank, also the skin of the she-wolf and the tips of the ears of the cubs, which he had cut out, and soon reached the camping ground.

The hunters were all in the woods, and none but the squaws and the papooses were left in the encampment. Selonee came within sight of it, and seated himself upon a log at the edge of the forest, with his back carefully turned towards the smoke of the camp. Nobody ventured to approach him while in this situation; but at night, when the hunters came dropping in, one by one, Selonee drew nigh to them.

He called them apart from the women, and then told them his story.

"This is a strange tale which the wolf-chief tells us," said one of the old men, with a smile.

"It is a true tale, father," was the reply.

"Conattee was a brave chief!"

"Very brave, father," said Selonee.

"Had he not eyes to see?"

"The great bird that rises to the sun had not better," was the reply.

"What painted jay was it that said Conattee was a fool?"

"The painted bird lied that said so, my father," was the response of Selonee.

"And comes Selonee, the wolf-chief, to us, with a



THE ARM-CHAIR OF TUSTENUGGEE.

tale that Conattee was blind and could not see; a coward, that could not strike the wolf; a fool, that knew not where to set down his foot? Shall we not say Selonee lies about his brother, even as the painted bird that makes a noise in my ears? Selonee has slain Conattee with his knife. See, it is the blood of Conattee upon the war-shirt of Selonee."

"It is the blood of the she-wolf," cried the young warrior, with a natural anger.

"Let Selonee go to the woods behind the lodges, till the chiefs say what shall be done to Selonee, because of Conattee, whom he slew."

"Selonee will go, as the wise chief has commanded," replied the young warrior. "He will wait behind the lodges till the chiefs have said what is good to be done to him, and, if they say that he must die because of Conattee, it is well. Selonee laughs at death. But the blood of Conattee is not upon the war-shirt of Selonee. He has said it is the blood of the wolf's mother."

With these words, the young chief drew forth the skin of the wolf which he had slain, together with the tips of the ears taken from the cubs, and, leaving them in the place where he had sat, withdrew silently from the assembly which was about to sit in judgment upon his life.

The council was held, and the braves decided that Selonee must die; but they agreed to give him first

one month, the windy moon October, in which to find Conattee, if he were still living.

Just then Macourah, the wife of Conattee, rushed into the council, and, striking Selonee with a whip, said :

“ I claim him to wait on me and bring me meat, now that Conattee is not here.”

This was a just claim ; so the chiefs gave Selonee up to Macourah. She drove him to her wigwam, calling him dog, and striking him with her whip all the way ; and Selonee wished that he had been put to death, rather than fall into the hands of this cruel woman.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Squaws, Indian wives. 2. Pá pōōse', Indian baby. 3. Vën'tūred, dared. 4. Ap prōach', come nearer. 5. Situ a'tion, condition. 6. Re spōnse', answer or reply. 7. Chiēfs, the head men in Indian tribes. 8. Wig'wam, an Indian's hut or tent.

Seat-Work :

Who were Conattee and Selonee?

Where did the Catawbas live?

What happened to Conattee?

What did the Indian braves think about Selonee's story?

What did the council decide?

Who changed his fate, and how?

LESSON XXXIII.

| | | | |
|------------|----------------|--------------|------------|
| thighs | pres'sure | hus'band | de light' |
| hor'ror | at tract' | com plete'ly | re turned' |
| shoul'ders | dis ap peared' | shout'ing | mur'dered |

The Arm-Chair of Tustenuggee.

PART II.

Meanwhile, what had become of Conattee, the brave chief? After killing the great wolf on the river bank, he noticed a pine-tree whose trunk bent down so as to form a good seat; he sat down on it to trim the wolf skin before taking it home.

But he had scarcely sat down, when two gigantic limbs of the tree curled over his thighs, and bound him to the spot. Other limbs, to his great horror, clasped his arms and covered his shoulders. He tried to cry aloud, but his jaws were grasped by other branches; and his eyes, peering through little openings in the bark, saw his legs encrusted also by bark. A bed of green, velvet-like moss formed his lap. Even his knife and the wolf skin turned into bulging knobs on the tree

With his thoughts and feelings remaining as before, Conattee had yet lost all power of action. When he tried to scream aloud, his jaws felt a pressure upon them. A thorn, growing upon a wild vine

that hung before his face, was brought by every movement of himself, or of the tree, into his very mouth.

The poor hunter now realized his situation—he was in the power of Tustenuggee, the Gray Demon. The tree upon which he sat was one of those magic trees which the tradition of his people called the “Arm-chair of Tustenuggee.” He could only be released if some one cut a part of the bark ; or, as the Gray Demon said to him :

“ There is no hope for you, Conattee, till some one takes your place. Some one must sit in your lap, whom you are willing to leave behind, before you can get out of mine.”

Conattee saw Selonee, as he came and went in this very spot, seeking him, and hoped that he would come, and, by striking the tree and cutting a part of it, free him from his prison. But he could not make any sound or motion to attract him.

Now, Selonee, after being driven to the wigwam of Macourah, set out again to find Conattee. Macourah went along behind him with her whip, for she was afraid he would try to escape her. They roved the woods in every direction, calling on Conattee, all day long. But Selonee went so much faster than Macourah that she soon lost sight of him, and after a while she came to the spot where Conattee’s footsteps had disappeared. She was so tired that she

could go no farther, and, seeing the nice green seat of moss on the old tree, she sat down on it to rest.

It was the lap of the Gray Demon, who was holding Conattee. At once, the branches began to clasp her, as they had clasped her husband the day before, and to let him go. He slipped out behind so that she did not see him, and soon the tree had covered her completely. He took his knife and wolf skin, and, shouting for Selonee, who soon came to him with great delight, they returned to the camp.

So Selonee was freed from the charge of having murdered his friend, and the cruel Macourah met a just fate.—*William Gilmore Simms (adapted)*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ġī gān'tic, huge ; very large. 2. En erüst'ed, covered with a crust. 3. Būlg'ing, bending outward. 4. Rē'al ized, knew. 5. Măg'ic, wonder working. 6. Trā dī'tion, a belief or custom handed down from father to son by word of mouth. 7. Re lēased', set free.

Seat-Work :

Where had Conattee been all the while they were searching for him?

Why did he not go home?

How was he finally released?

LESSON XXXIV.

| | | | |
|----------|----------|-----------|---------|
| grand'ly | pur'er | mas'tered | wea'ry |
| com'mon | broad'er | hour'ly | pil'low |

We Build the Ladder.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passions slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light ;
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray ;
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men !
 We may borrow the wings to find the way ;
 We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
 But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls :
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached in a single bound ;
 But we build our ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to the summit, round by round.

—*J. G. Holland.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Bound, leap. 2. Vault'ed, shaped like a dome. 3. Sūm'mit, top. 4. De pōsed', overcome ; put down. 5. Vān'quished, conquered ; defeated. 6. As pīre', wish or long for. 7. Trāil'ing, dragging. 8. Sōr'did, foul ; dirty. 9. Sēn'sū al, selfish ; unworthy. 10. Sāp'phire (sāf'ir or sāf'ēr), a valuable, bright blue gem. 11. Viſ'ion, an apparition ; something seen in a dream.

Seat-Work :

What Bible story is referred to in stanza seven ?

Commit the poem to memory.

LESSON XXXV.

| | | | | |
|------------|-----|------------|----------------|------------|
| wood'cut | ter | moun'tains | cu'ri ous | reap'ers |
| för'est | | shad'ows | av'er age | na'ture |
| bus'i ness | | there'fore | dif'fer ence | learned |
| an'swered | | ex act'ly | in'ter est ing | art'ists |
| stop'ping | | wav'ing | as tron' o my | moon'beams |

The Man in the Moon.

Do you know the story of the Man in the Moon? He is said to have once lived on the earth and to have been a busy wood-cutter. He was so fond of working that he did not like to stop even on Sunday to rest and go to church. He went into the woods just as on other days and cut down wood and carried it home, ready to sell the next day.

One beautiful Sunday morning, as he was coming from the forest with a large bundle of sticks on his shoulder, he met a young man. Now, this young man was the Lord of Heaven and Earth, but the wood-cutter did not recognize Him. He said :

“Where are you going to-day, father, with your bundle of wood?”

“What business is that of yours?” gruffly said the old man.

“It is Sunday, you know, and all the people are going to church. They do not work on Sunday,” the young man answered gently.

"Well, I work on Sunday, if I like. Sunday or Monday, it is all the same to me. I don't care for Sunday."

"Very well," said the Lord, if you do not care for Sunday, you can go where there are no Sundays, only Mondays: and there you must work all the time."

So he was banished to the moon, where there are only Moon-days: and there he is to this day gathering sticks and carrying them on his shoulder without ever stopping to rest, till he is quite bent with the toil and burden.

Some think that all we see of the Man in the Moon is his face. The astronomers tell us there is a great crater on the point of his nose: and they say besides that the bright parts of the moon are mountains and the dark parts are the shadows cast by the mountains in the light of the sun.

The round, dark spots are craters and the broad, bright places are plains which were once thought to be seas; but there is no water or air on the moon, and therefore no plants nor animals. So the moon is a dead world. But still it is bright and shining, and of great beauty and use to us on the earth.

The moon rises at different points of the horizon, sometimes exactly in the east, at other times to the north or south of the east. This is because its orbit, that is, its path round the earth, is not a straight line,



STATUE OF DIANA.

but goes up and down in a waving line. This brings it sometimes north and sometimes south of the east point.

Another curious thing you have noticed is that the moon does not rise at the same time every evening, nor even near the same time as the sun does in the morning. It rises later each evening than the evening before, but sometimes it is seventeen minutes later and then again an hour and twenty minutes later. So we say that the average difference is fifty minutes.

But if we will notice it from evening to evening to see where it rises, and how much later than the evening before, it will be very interesting, and you will learn to understand many things about the moon which people never learn who do not notice. And astronomy will be much clearer to you, when you study it.

The full moon in September is called the Harvest Moon, because it shines at the time of the harvest in England, and the reapers used to have a merry feast in its light when the harvest was ended. It rises about sunset every evening for three nights, with little difference of time, and shines all night. In October this happens again, the full moon rises for three or four evenings at nearly the same time; then it is called the Hunter's Moon, because the men can go hunting by moonlight all night long and have fine sport.

Only one side of the moon is ever seen by us. If you notice, you will see the same spots all the time in the same place. This is one proof, too, that the moon is dead. If there were life and motion on it, there would be changes which the astronomers could see through their telescopes. But it appears the same all the time, and the astronomers have made maps of the surface.

Would you not like to get on the other side of the moon and see what is there?

There are many other things that might be told you of the moon. But I will leave them for you to observe or read for yourself. Nothing in nature is more interesting than the moon. Learned men study it, poets writesongs about it, artists have made statues and pictures to personify it as Diana, the Queen of Heaven, and everybody loves the beauty and charm of the mystic moonbeams.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rěe'ōg nīze, to know. 2. Grűff'ly, roughly. 3. Băn'ished, sent away from his home. 4. As trōn'o mērs, persons who have studied the heavenly bodies. 5. Crā'ter, the mouth of a volcano. 6. Hō rī'zon, the line where the earth and sky seem to meet. 7. Těl'e scōpe, an instrument used for observing the heavenly bodies, or any far-distant objects. 8. Stāt'ūes, carved images. 9. Pěr sōn'ī fȳ, to regard or treat as a person. 10. Dī ān'ā, goddess of the chase; also called the goddess of the moon.

Seat-Work :

Tell the story of the Man in the Moon.

What does Monday mean?

What do astronomers tell us about the bright and dark spots on the moon?

Why are there no plants or animals on the moon?

What may you notice about the rising of the moon?

What is Harvest Moon, and why is it so called?

What is Hunter's Moon, and why is it so called?

What other reason than those stated is there for believing the moon is dead?

How is the moon personified?

LESSON XXXVI.

| | | | |
|---------------|------------|----------------|------------|
| James'town | lan'guage | cop'per | ser'pents |
| thou'sand | fash'ion | in'ju ry | brace'lets |
| sup port' | suit'a ble | house'hold | bruised |
| ben'e fit | cau'tious | em broid'ered | pre serve' |
| es pe'cial ly | sav'age | ex ceed'ing ly | build'ings |

**Captain Smith's Account of the Indians and
Their Customs.****PART I.**

Within sixty miles of Jamestown, there are about five thousand people, but of able men fit for war, there are scarce fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of men. To support so many together, they have yet no means, be-

cause they derive so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together. The people differ very much in stature, and especially in language. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born.

The hair is generally black, and but few have any beard.

The men shave one-half of their hair, and wear the other half long.

For barbers they have the women, who, with two shells, will grate away the hair, in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and very active, able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in ambush in summer. Some are timid, some are bold, most are cautious. All are savage, and generally covetous of copper, beads, and such-like trinkets.

They are soon moved to anger, and so malicious that they seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel,

they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but in summer without.

The better sort use large mantels of deer skins. Some of these mantels are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner.

We have seen some wear mantels made of turkey feathers, so prettily wrought and woven with threads, that nothing but the feathers could be seen. They were exceedingly warm, and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint.

Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, wrought into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or some large feather, and a rattle which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk, or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with the root of poccoon bruised to powder and mixed with oil; this they claim will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter. Many other forms of painting they use, but he is the bravest who is the most monstrous to behold.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Scârçe, hardly. 2. De rîve', receive. 3. Fěr'tile, fruitful. 4. Côme'lŷ, pleasing. 5. Pro pŏr'tion, form; shape. 6. En dŭre', bear. 7. Ăm'bŭsh, a place of hiding. 8. Còv'et oŭs, eager to possess. 9. Trín'kěts, small ornaments; things of little value. 10. Mă lî'cioŭs, bearing malice or ill-will. 11. Ap pâr'ěl, clothing. 12. Wrŏught, worked. 13. Dēc'ŏ râte, adorn; beautify. 14. Tăt tŏed', ornamented. 15. Pŏe eŏn', a North American herb yielding yellow or red dye. 16. Mŏn'stroŭs, ugly; horrible.

Seat-Work:

Who was Captain John Smith?

Tell the story of Pocahontas.

Describe an American Indian.

What is the color of the baby Indians?

What fashions have they for hair dressing?

What is the Indian's disposition?

How do they dress?

How do they decorate themselves?

How do they tattoo their bodies?

How do they protect their bodies from the weather?

Why do they paint their bodies?

What else do you know about the Indians?

LESSON XXXVII.

| | | | |
|--------------------|------------|--------------|--------------|
| build'ings | sev'er al | ex'er cis'es | oys'ters |
| not'with stand'ing | oint'ments | squîr'rel | tor'tois es |
| smok'y | vict'uals | a'corns | (tôr'tîz ez) |
| sep'a rat'ed | (vî't'lz) | com'pa nies | mul'ber ries |

**Captain Smith's Account of the Indians and
Their Customs.**

PART II.

Their buildings are for the most part by the rivers, or not far distant from some fresh spring. The houses are built, like our arbors, of small sprigs bound and tied, and so closely covered with mats, or the bark of trees, that notwithstanding either wind, rain, or weather, they are as warm as stoves, but very smoky. At the top of the house, right over the fire, there is a hole through which the smoke may escape.

They sleep on little benches of reeds covered with a mat, held up a foot or more from the ground by a wooden support. There are from six to twenty in a house.

Their houses are in the midst of their fields or gardens, which are small plots of ground, some twenty acres, some forty, and there are some larger—from one hundred to two hundred acres. Sometimes from two to fifty of these houses are together, or but a little separated by groves of trees.



**CAPTAIN SMITH'S ACCOUNT OF THE INDIANS
AND THEIR CUSTOMS.**

There is but little wood near their houses, by reason of their burning it for fire, and a man may gallop a horse among these woods any way, except where the creeks or rivers hinder.

Men, women, and children have their several names, according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly.

To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers the coldest mornings, and by painting and ornaments so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them. The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such man-like exercises, scorning to be seen doing any woman-like work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals, plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

They readily kindle their fire by rubbing a dry pointed stick in a hole made in a little square piece of wood, which taking fire, will kindle leaves or any other dry thing that will quickly burn. In March and April they live much upon their fishing weirs; and feed on fish, turkeys, and squirrels. In May and June they plant their fields, and live mostly on acorns, walnuts, and fish. But to change their diet some scatter in small companies, and live upon fish, beasts, crabs, oysters, land tortoises, strawberries, and mulberries.

In June, July, and August, they feed upon roots, berries, fish, and green wheat. It is strange to see how their bodies change with their diet (even as the deer and wild beast), for with different seasons they seem fat and lean, strong and weak.

Powhatan, their great king, and some others that are provident, roast their flesh and fish and keep it till time of need.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Hū'mor, fancy; whim. 2. Hār'dy, strong. 3. Scôrn'ing, holding in contempt. 4. Môr'tars, stone vessels in which substances are pounded or powdered. 5. Pound, to beat into powder. 6. Wēirs, fish-traps. 7. Pow hă tăn', one of the leading Indian chiefs of Virginia; father of Pocahontas. 8. Prôv'i dēnt, saving for the future.

Seat-Work:

Describe the houses of Indians.

Where are they built?

Describe their beds.

How are the young Indians hardened?

How do the men and women pass their time?

What kind of food do they have in March and April? In May and June? In July and August?

How do they build their fires?

Who was Powhatan?

LESSON XXXVIII.

| | | |
|--------------|--------------|----------|
| ar'row-head | sharp'ened | trough |
| pick'ax | hatch'ets | (tröf) |
| of'ten times | in'stru ment | pad'dles |

**Captain Smith's Account of the Indians and
Their Customs.**

PART III.

The arrow-head they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splint of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deer's horns boiled to a jelly, they make a glue that will not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

For their wars they use targets that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs; but oftentimes they use deer horns, put through wood in the form of a pickax, for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner.

This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron. Such are their chief instruments and arms. They fish much in boats, which they make of one tree by burning and scratching away the coals with stones and shells till they have made it in the form of a trough. Some of

them are an ell deep, forty or fifty feet in length, and will bear forty men. But the most ordinary are smaller, and will bear ten, twenty, or thirty men. Instead of oars they use paddles and sticks, with which they will row faster than we can our barges.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Sîn'ews, slender, tough ends of the muscles. 2. Diş'şölve, melt; to soften. 3. Tār'-gëts, small shields used for defense in war. 4. Wönt, accustomed. 5. Ell, an old time English measure, 45 inches. 6. Beâr, support; carry. 7. Bârge, a flat, roomy boat.

Seat-Work:

Tell how their arrows are made.

How do they dress for battle?

How do they make their boats?

What are these boats called?

LESSON XXXIX.

| | | |
|-------------|----------------|----------------|
| pen'guins | pro ceeds' | mud'died |
| in'ti mate | con tent'ed ly | Dab'chick |
| ex treme'ly | min'nows | ac cord'ing ly |
| plait'ed | ap'pe tiz'ing | skill'ful ly |
| built | wait'ed | sur round'ing |
| raft-nest | mon'sters | pad'dles |

Sailor Babies.

Birds, and birds, and birds! Have you any idea how many kinds of birds there are? I am very sure

you could not count them all. And such queer fellows many of them are! There are butcher-birds and tailor-birds, soldier-birds—the penguins, you know, who stand on the sea-shore like companies of soldiers, “heads up, eyes front, arms (meaning wings) at the sides”—and sailor-birds. It is about one of the sailor-birds and her babies that I am going to tell you now. She is called the Little Grebe, or sometimes, by her intimate friends, the Dabchick. She is a pretty little bird, about nine inches long, with brown head and back, and grayish-white breast.

She and her husband are both extremely fond of the water. “We are first cousins to the Divers!” they sometimes say proudly. “The Divers are never happy away from the water, and neither are we. It is very vulgar to live on land all the time. One might almost as well have four legs, and be a creature at once!” (The Divers are a very proud family, and speak of all quadrupeds as “creatures.”)

Mr. and Mrs. Grebe have very curious webbed feet, looking more like a horse-chestnut leaf with three lobes than anything else. They are excellent swimmers and divers; indeed, in diving the Great Northern Diver himself is not so quick and alert. If anything frightens them, pop! they are under the water in the shaking of a feather; and you may sometimes see them in a pond, popping up and down like little absurd Jacks-in-the-box.

As they think the land so very vulgar, of course they do not want to bring up their children on it.

Oh, dear, no! They find a pleasant, quiet stream, or pond, where there are plenty of reeds and rushes growing in the water, and where there is no danger of their being disturbed by "creatures." Then they go to work and make a raft, a regular raft, of strong stems of water-plants, reeds, and arrow-heads plaited and woven together with great care and skill.

It is light enough to float, and yet strong enough to bear the weight of the mother bird.

While she is building it, she sits, or stands, on another and more roughly built raft, which is not meant to hold together long.

Mr. Grebe helps her, pulling up the water-plants and cutting off the stems the right length; and so this little couple work away till the raft-nest is quite ready. Then Mrs. Grebe takes her place on it, and proceeds to lay and hatch her eggs.

There are five or six, and they are white when she lays them; but they do not keep their whiteness long, for the water-weeds and the leaves that cover the raft soon decay, and stain the pretty white eggs, so that they are muddy brown by the time they are hatched. Well, there little Madam Grebe sits, brooding contentedly over her eggs, and thinking how carefully she will bring up her children, so that they will be a credit to the family of the Divers. Mr. Grebe

paddles, and dives, and pops up and down about the nest, and brings her all sorts of good things to eat,— worms for dinner, minnows for supper, and for breakfast the most delicate and appetizing of flies and beetles. One day, when he brings his wife's dinner (a fine stickleback), he finds her in a state of great excitement.

"My dear," she says, "I am going to move. I cannot endure this place another hour. I only waited to tell you about it."

"Why, what is the matter, my love?" asks Mr. Grebe, in amazement.

"Some creatures have been here," answers little madam, indignantly,— "huge, ugly monsters, with horns; cows, I believe they are called. They have torn up the reeds, and muddied the water; and, if you believe it, Dabchick, one of them nearly walked right over me; then I flew in her face, and gave her a good fright, I can tell you. But the whole thing has upset me very much, and I am determined to leave the place."

"Very well, my love," says the dutiful Dabchick. "Whatever you say is all right!"

Accordingly, when she has finished her dinner, Mrs. Grebe puts one foot into the water, and paddles her raft away as skillfully as if she were an Indian in a birch canoe. She steers it round the corners, and paddles on and on, till she finds another quiet nook,

where there is no sign of any "creatures." Then she draws in her paddle-foot, and broods quietly again, while Mr. Grebe, who has followed her, goes to explore the new surroundings, and see what he can pick up for supper.

After a time the muddy brown eggs crack open one by one, and out come the young Dabchicks, pretty, little, fuzzy brown balls. They shake themselves, and look at each other, and say how-d'-ye-do to their mother and father; and then, without any more delay, pop! they go into the water. "Hurrah!" says one. "I can swim!" "And I can dive!" says another. "Ho! I can do both!" cries a third. "Here I go for the bottom! Catch me if you can!" and down they all go, with Mr. Grebe after them, to see that they come to no harm.

Mamma Grebe watches them, her gray breast swelling with pride. "Ah!" she says, "see what it is to belong to a good family."—*Laura E. Richards.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Vül'gār, low; coarse; common. 2. Quạ'rū pēds, four-footed animals. 3. Ex'çēl lēnt, very good. 4. Dē cāy', to rot. 5. Ērēd'it, honor. 6. Stiek'le bäck, a very small fish with sharp spines on the back. 7. En dūre', bear; stand. 8. A māze'-ment, wonder; surprise. 9. In dīg'nant ly, angrily. 10. De tēr'mined, resolved. 11. Dū'ti fūl, obedient; attentive to duty. 12. Stēērs, guides; directs.

Seat-Work:

What are some of the other names of this sailor-bird?

Where do grebes live? Describe them.

What are their habits? How do they build their nest?

What caused the excitement in the home of these birds in our story?

What did they do? Describe the young Dabchicks.

LESSON XL.

| | | |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| Con fed'er ate | sur prise' | rap'id ly |
| sol'diers | ad mi ra'tion | mis tak'en |
| com'rades | en'e mies | hand'ker chief |
| command'er | for'tune | sur ren'der |
| head'quar'ters | fi'nal ly | raised |
| o'ver look'ing | pro tect' | whol'ly |
| per mis'sion | pleas'ure | un'der stood' |

Richard Kirkland, the Hero.

A great battle had been fought at Marye's Hill, near Fredericksburg, in Virginia. All day long the firing had been going on, and thousands of men lay dead, wounded, and dying on the plain below the Hill. The stone wall behind which stood the Confederate army was too strong to be taken by the troops of the Union soldiers, and thirty thousand of them had been repulsed.

The next day the battle was renewed. All night and all day the wounded Union soldiers lying on the



RICHARD KIRKLAND.

field were crying for "Water! water!" There was no one to give it to them. Their comrades were still firing away at the stone wall, and had no time to stop; if they had stopped, they would have been swept down by the fire from the wall.

In the afternoon, as the Confederate commander, General Kershaw, was sitting in an upstairs room of his headquarters, overlooking the battle, Richard Kirkland came up. He was a young sergeant, son of Mr. John Kirkland, of Kershaw, S. C. After saluting his general, he said:

"General, I can't stand this!"

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"All night and all day, I have heard those poor people crying for water, and I can stand it no longer. I come to ask permission to go and give them water."

The general looked at him a moment in surprise and admiration. Those men were his enemies; they had tried to kill him and his comrades in battle, and it seemed but just that they should suffer in so doing. It was the fortune of war; but Richard Kirkland did not feel content with this.

General Kershaw said, "Kirkland, don't you know that you would get a bullet through your head the minute you stepped over the wall?"

"Yes, sir," he answered; "I know there is danger of that; but, if you will let me, I am willing to try it."

"I ought not to allow you to run such a risk,"

finally said the general; "but your motive is so noble that I will not refuse your request, trusting that God will protect you. You may go."

The sergeant's eye lighted with pleasure. "Thank you, sir," he said, and ran rapidly downstairs.

General Kershaw heard him pause a moment, and then come back, bounding two steps at a time. He thought Richard's heart had failed him, but he was mistaken. Stopping at the door, he asked:

"General, may I show a white handkerchief?"

This would be a signal for a truce, or it might be taken as a signal of surrender. The general slowly shook his head.

"No, Kirkland, you can't do that."

"All right, I'll take the chances;" and down he ran again, with a bright smile on his handsome face.

The general watched him with deep anxiety as he stepped over the wall. Not a bullet struck him!

He went to the nearest sufferer, raised his head, and poured water down his parched throat. Laying him down again, with a canteen full of water by his side, and covering him with his overcoat, Kirkland went on to the next man.

Soon his purpose was understood, and the firing on both sides ceased. The wounded men all about the field called out again, "Water! water!" Those who were too weak to call out raised a hand to show that they were still alive; and Kirkland went to them.

For an hour and a half he went from one to another, taking water, and relieving their sufferings as much as he could; and he returned to his post a brave and unselfish hero, wholly unhurt, with the love and admiration of both sides.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Frēd'er Icks burg, the scene of a famous battle between the Northern and Southern armies, December 13, 1862. 2. Re newed, 'commenced again. 3. Sa lūt'ing, greeting. 4. Mō'tive, purpose. 5. Re quēst, 'demand; petition. 6. Bound'ing, springing; jumping. 7. Sig'nal, a sign. 8. Truce, a stopping of battle for a while; a short quiet. 9. Anx i'e tỹ, care. 10. Ēan tēēn', a drinking flask used by soldiers for carrying water. 11. Re liēv'ing, lessening.

Seat-Work:

Tell what you know of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Who was Richard Kirkland?

Relate the story of his kindness and bravery.

In what way was this a brave act?

What command of Christ did he obey?

Why was he not wounded?

Where did this happen?

Locate the place on the map.

LESSON XLI.

| | | | |
|------------|------------|-----------|------------|
| stain'less | shield'ing | gleamed | shroud'ed |
| vic'to ry | smit'ing | vic'tor | de feat'ed |
| roused | guard'ing | de layed' | proud'ly |

The Sword of Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
 Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
 Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
 To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard ! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee !

Forth from its scabbard ! How we prayed
That sword might victor be ;
And, when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee ;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again ;
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain—
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

—*Father Ryan.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Fōrth, out into view. 2. Scāb'bard, the case in which the blade of a sword is kept. 3. Shēēn, a glittering brightness. 4. Bēa'ēon, a guide. 5. A vēng'ing, punishing. 6. Shēath, scabbard.

Seat-Work :

Memorize the poem.

Find out all you can about Robert E. Lee.

[Williamson's Life of Robert E. Lee, for Young Folks, B. F. Johnson Publishing Company.]

LESSON XLII.

knight'li est

rare'ly

em bat'tled

kind'li est

beau'ty

vig'il

The Virginians of the Valley.

The knightliest of the knightly race,

Who, since the days of old,

Have kept the lamp of chivalry

Alight in hearts of gold ;

The kindest of the kindly band,

Who, rarely hunting ease,

Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,

And Raleigh round the seas ;

Who climbed the blue Virginia hills,

Against embattled foes,

And planted there, in valleys fair,

The lily and the rose,

Whose fragrance lives in many lands,

Whose beauty stars the earth,

And light the hearts of many homes,

In loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept—the sons who kept

The names of noble sires,

And slumbered, while the darkness crept

Around the vigil fires.

But still the Golden Horseshoe knights
 Their old dominion keep,
 Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
 But not a knight asleep.

—*Francis O. Ticknor.*

[Francis O. Ticknor was a Georgia poet. Born 1822; died in 1874.]

DEFINITIONS.—1. Knight'ly, belonging to a knight ; noble. 2. Chiv'al ry, courtesy ; bravery ; honor. 3. Ra'leigh, Sir Walter, a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, a poet, an historian, a brave sailor and soldier ; beheaded by order of James I., after an imprisonment of thirteen years. Scott's Kenilworth contains a charming account of Raleigh. 4. Spöts'wood, one of the colonial governors of Virginia. He is considered the best of the royal governors. He was a distinguished officer, a cultured gentleman, and a man of true worth. 5. Sires, forefathers. 6. Vig il fires, watch fires. 7. Knights of the Gold'en Hôrse'shoë, Spotswood's companions in his expedition over the Blue Ridge Mountains. This company was composed of the flower of Virginia chivalry. In commemoration of their bravery, Governor Spotswood presented each of them with a small golden horseshoe ; he also wished to establish the order of the Golden Horseshoe, but it was not encouraged by the English Government, and the plan came to nothing. 8. Dö mîn'ion, possessions ; country. 9. En chânt'ed, beautiful ; bewitching.

Seat-Work :

Copy and memorize this poem.

LESSON XLIII.

| | | | |
|-----------|---------------|----------------|------------|
| thick'et | talk'ing | sud'den ly | has'tened |
| liz'ard | craw'fish | piece | ad vice' |
| tad'pole | wa'ter-snails | meas'ure | twid'dling |
| shal'low | ex cite'ment | com'fort a ble | twi'light |
| wrig'gled | knobs | bid'ding | für'ther |

The Tadpole That Wished to Sing.

It was very early morning, and, in every orchard, thicket, and wood, the birds were singing in a perfect concert.

The little brown lizard that lived under a stone in the brook stuck her head out and looked about her. "I do wonder why that tadpole keeps going up there where the water is so shallow," she said to herself; "I think I'll just go to see."

In a moment, she had slidden out from under the stone, and up into the shallow where the tadpole lay. "Good morning!" she said.

The tadpole paid no attention to her, but wriggled himself still further up to the shore. "Oh, how beautiful!" he whispered.

"What is so beautiful?" asked the lizard, looking about her.

"That singing," cried the tadpole in delight. "Oh, if I could only sing like those birds!" Then he turned his small eyes on the lizard. "I suppose you

have often seen birds coming down to the stream to bathe," he said. "Do you think I look anything like one?"

"Like a bird?" cried the lizard. "No: you don't."

"Well, I don't see why," said the tadpole. "To be sure, I haven't any legs, but I have a tail."

"Yes," said the lizard, "but the birds have beaks and feathers, and wings as well, and you haven't anything but a body and a tail."

"That is true," and the tadpole sighed.

The bird songs were dying away now, for the sun was fully up, but the tadpole did not seem inclined to move; so the lizard went on talking to him. He told her that he had wanted to sing ever since he could remember, and that he had tried and tried, until all the fishes and the crawfish and even the water-snails had laughed at him; but he never could make a sound. He told the lizard, too, that even after all that, he felt sure that he *could* sing, if only he had legs, and could hop about like a bird.

After that morning, the lizard often came up to visit the tadpole. He seemed to take great comfort in talking to her, for she never made fun of him, but tried to plan some way for him to learn to sing.

Once she suggested that, if he were only on shore, he might be able to do something about it; so he wriggled himself up half out of the water, but he grew so sick that the lizard had to pull him back again by his tail.

It was the very next morning that the lizard found the tadpole in a state of the wildest excitement. "O lizard, lizard!" he cried, shaking all over from his nose to his tail "just look at me! *I'm getting legs!*"

It was true: there they were, still very small and weak, but real legs. He was still more excited, when the lizard saw near the front part of the tadpole's body two more little knobs, and said she was sure these would prove to be wings.

It was a terrible blow to them when they found they were not wings, but legs, too. "Now it's all over," cried the tadpole in despair. "It was bad enough not to have wings, but now that I'm getting legs this way, there's no knowing where it will end."

The lizard, too, was almost hopeless, until she suddenly remembered how a crawfish she had known had lost one of its claws in a fight, and it had hardly hurt it at all; so she suggested that she might pull off the two front legs. The tadpole was very willing, but at the first twitch he cried out: "Ouch! that hurts!" so the lizard had to stop.

But worse was to follow. One morning, before the lizard was up, the tadpole came wriggling over to the door of her house. "Lizard, lizard! come out here," he cried, and as soon as she appeared, he begged her to get a piece of eel-grass and measure his tail.

"I've been afraid it was shrinking for some time,"

he said, "and now I'm sure ; and I've been feeling so strange, too. Sometimes I feel as though I must have air, and I get up on a stone so that I am almost out of the water, and only then do I feel comfortable."

Hastily the lizard measured the tadpole's tail, and then they set staring at each other in silence. In truth it was almost gone !

Still, the lizard would not give up all hope. She knew of a wise old crawfish, who lived further down the stream, and, after bidding the tadpole stay where he was until she returned, she hastened away to beg the old crawfish to come and look at the tadpole and give his advice.

In a very little while she was back again, bringing the old crawfish with her. He came crawling along, looking both ways at once with his pop-eyes, and twiddling his feelers, but the moment he came to where the tadpole was, he stopped short in surprise.

"Why, this is no sick tadpole," he cried. Then he added, addressing the tadpole: "Why are you here? Why aren't you out in the swamp, singing with all the rest of them? Don't you know you're a frog?"

"A frog!" cried the lizard ; but the young tadpole-frog leaped clear out of the brook with a joyous cry. "A frog!" he shouted. "A frog! Why, that's better than being a bird. Oh, little lizard, if that is true, I must say good-bye. Hey for the wide, green swamps, and the loud frog choruses under the light of the

moon! Good-bye, little friend; good-bye. Think of me sometimes when you hear me singing far away."

So the frog went away to join his brothers.

It was lonely for the little lizard after the frog was gone, but she comforted herself by thinking how happy he must be, and often at twilight she listened to the choruses of frogs over in the swamp, and wondered if the one who sang so much louder and deeper than all the rest was the little tadpole who had tried so hard to be a bird. "After all," she said to herself, "there are more ways of singing than one."—*Katharine Pyle (adapted)*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Beaks, bills. 2. Inclined', moved; disposed. 3. Suggest'ed, hinted. 4. Eel'grass, a kind of grass growing along the sea-shore. 5. Shrink'ing, growing smaller.

Seat-Work:

Tell how the tadpole grows into a frog.

LESSON XLIV.

| | | | |
|-------------|---------------|-------------|---------------|
| mere'ly | throat | mag no'li a | scent'-lad'en |
| in jus'tice | es pe'cial ly | quiv'er ing | tor'rent |
| song'sters | what'so ev'er | thrill'ing | har'mo ny |

Mocking Bird Music.

Many people think that the mocking bird has no song of its own, and that it merely imitates the songs

of other birds. Its name has done it great injustice among those who do not know the bird itself. Its day-song, indeed, is often made up of imitations of other songsters, whose peculiar notes, however, are rendered only more beautiful by passing through the wonderful throat of this king of singers.

But at night, especially in the early spring, it has a song, or rather songs, which are not only purely original, but also more beautiful than any other bird-music whatsoever. Once, near Nashville, I heard a mocking-bird sing in a way that I can never forget. This moonlight song is said to be his love-song to his mate.

The moon was full. My host kindly assigned me a room, the windows of which opened on a great magnolia-tree, where, I was told, a mocking bird sang every night, and all night long. I went to my room about ten o'clock. The moonlight was shining in through the open window, and the mocking bird was already in the magnolia.

The great tree was bathed in a flood of silver; I could see each twig, and mark every action of the singer, who was pouring forth such a rapture of ringing melody as I have never listened to before nor since.

Sometimes he would perch motionless for many minutes, his body quivering and thrilling with the outpour of music. Then he would drop softly from

twig to twig until the lowest limb was reached, when he would rise, fluttering and leaping through the branches, his song never ceasing for an instant, until he reached the summit of the tree and launched into the warm scent-laden air, floating in spirals, with outspread wings. Then, as if spent, he sank gently back into the tree and down through the branches, while his song rose into an ecstasy of ardor and passion.

His voice rang like a clarionet in rich, full tones, and his execution covered the widest possible compass; theme followed theme—a torrent of music, a swelling tide of harmony—in which scarcely any two bars were alike.

I stayed awake until midnight listening to him; he was singing when I went to sleep; he was still singing when I woke up two hours later; he sang through the livelong night.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Im'ī tātes, copies. 2. Pē cūl'iar, unusual; belonging to itself. 3. Rēn'dēred, made. 4. O riġ ī naġ, not copied, nor procured by imitation. 5. Hōst, a man who entertains. 6. As sīgned', gave; allotted. 7. Rāpt'ūre, extreme joy, or pleasure; ecstasy. Lāunched, darted; flew swiftly. 9. Spī'rals, circles like the threads of a screw. 10. Ee'stā sŷ, great gladness. 11. Ar'dōr, eagerness. 12. Clār'ī ō-nēt, a wooden wind instrument for making music by

blowing with the mouth. 13. Ex ē cū tiòn, performance. 14. Còm'pass, a range of notes or sounds. 15. Thême, a subject.

Seat-Work :

What great mistake is made by people who are not familiar with mocking birds?

Describe the song of the mocking bird which the writer heard in Tennessee?

LESSON XLV.

| | | | |
|---------------|------------|----------------|--------------|
| Chris'tian | re view' | dif'fi cult | pas'sage |
| clam'ber ing | gar'ment | cou'ple | nar'row ly |
| ar'bor | de tained' | pre pared' | tri'al |
| re fresh'ment | a wak'ened | brim'stone | dis cov'er y |
| trav'el ers | con sid'er | ev'er last'ing | re lief |

Christian and the Lions.

I looked, then, after Christian to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place.

Now, about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshment of weary travelers. Thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort. He also now began afresh to

take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross.

Thus pleasing himself a while, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand.

Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying: "Go to the ant, thou slug-gard; consider her ways, and be wise." And, with that, Christian suddenly started up, and sped on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running amain: the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust, to whom Christian said: "Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way."

Timorous answered, that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place. "But," said he, "the farther we go, the more danger we meet with; therefore we turned, and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust; "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces."

Then said Christian, "You make me afraid; but

whither shall I fly to be safe ? If I go back to my own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there ; if I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there : I must venture. To go back is nothing but death ; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward."

So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way.

After a while, he lifted up his eyes, and behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that, if possible, he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off from the Porter's lodge ; and, looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way.

Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them ; for he thought nothing but death was before him.

But the Porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried out unto him, saying :

"Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions; for they are chained, and are placed there for the trial of faith where it is, and for the discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions; but, taking good heed to the directions of the Porter, he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the Porter was.

Then said Christian to the Porter, "Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night?"

The Porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and He built it for the relief and security of pilgrims."—*Bunyan*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pěr çēived', saw. 2. Slüg'gard, an idler or a lazy person. 3. A pāçe', fast; quickly. 4. A mǎin', with full strength or speed. 5. Tīm'ō-roūs, fearful of danger; lacking courage. 6. Pěr'ish, be destroyed; die. 7. Cē lēs'tial Cīty, the heavenly city. 8. Věnt'ūre, dare. 9. Stāte'lŷ, grand; majestic. 10. Fûr'lōng, an eighth of a mile. 11. Pôr'těr, a gate keeper or door keeper. 12. Lödge, the Porter's house. 13. Es pīed', saw. 14. Hēēd, attention; notice. 15. Se cūr'ī tŷ, safety; protection. 16. Pil'-grīms, travelers.

Seat-Work :

What happened to Christian in the arbor midway the hill

Difficulty?

Whom did Christian meet at the top of the hill?

What did they tell him?

What was his reply?

How did he get safely by the lions?

What was the Palace Beautiful?

Explain the meaning of this story?

Who wrote this story?

From what book is it taken?

LESSON XLVI.

| | | |
|---------------|--------------|------------|
| post'age | ac counts' | dis'trict |
| gov'ern ment | car'ried | a dopt'ed |
| em plays' | post'of fice | weight |
| print'ed | mail'box | di vi'sion |
| ap'plies | de liv'ered | dur'ing |
| book'keep ing | en close' | sev'eral |

About Letters.

When you write a letter and put a postage stamp on it, you pay the government two cents to carry it for you. Did you ever think how much labor must be done to get that letter where you wish it to go?

First, there is the making of the postage stamp. This employs artists, who must draw the designs; paper-makers, who must make the paper on which

the design is to be printed ; printers ; gum arabic makers ; and the men to attend the machine that applies just the right quantity of gum arabic to the back of the stamp.

Then the stamps must be counted so that the government may know how many it has to sell. Then there must be bookkeeping accounts kept, all because this little postage stamp is something that the government is to sell. Then there must be the clerk to sell it.

After the letter is stamped, it must be carried to the postoffice, or, if you live in the city, it must be put into the mail-box. Then a man must be hired, and paid by the government, to take your letter from the mail-box and see that it goes into a mail-bag and is delivered at the postoffice. Then the mail-bag must be carried from the postoffice to the train.

On the train, the government has men who sort out your letter from others that are to be sent to other places, and enclose your letter in the mail-bag that will take it to the office from which it must be distributed.

Here another man must be employed to sort out these letters, and, if you live in the country, he must put them into your mail-box ; if in the city, it must be put where the mail-carrier of your district will get it.

Now, the government does not own the railroads, so it must pay for the transportation of your letter ;

and the plan adopted by the government and the railroad is to send your letter by weight. Neither the government nor the railroads could afford, for the price that you pay, to weigh each letter separately; and some plan must be adopted which will be fair to the government and fair to the railroads.

In one division of the Postal Railway Service in this country, there are one hundred and seventy-five railroads. This weighing is done every four years. All the mail matter sent over each road in one day is weighed, and this weight of the whole matter for a day fixes the price the government is to pay.

The next time that you put a postage stamp on a letter, you will probably think a little of all the work that its making and use involve.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Güm ār'a bīc, a gum from Arabia which dissolves in water and forms a kind of mucilage or glue. 2. Dis trīb'ū tēd, handed out. 3. Trānṣ'-pōr tā'tion, the carrying from one place to another. 4. In volve, require; concern.

Seat-Work:

Tell some of the things necessary in making postage stamps.

What clerks are necessary in having the letter sent to the right place and delivered?

How does the government pay for the transportation of mail?

LESSON XLVII.

| | | |
|----------------|----------------|------------|
| piérce | egg'shells | meth'ods |
| viewed | ex pla na'tion | scorch'ing |
| prep'a ra'tion | sŷr'up | emp'tied |
| ma chin'e ry | char'ges | mov'a ble |
| juice | bat'te ries | hogs'heads |
| sul'phur | war'fare | mo las'ses |

Sugar-Making in Louisiana.

There is always something to interest one in a sugar plantation from the time the tiny leaves of the sugar cane pierce through the crust of earth. Soon the fields viewed from a little distance look like green carpets. The cane grows rapidly, and is always pleasing to the eye. Children love to twist the stalks and suck the juice.

In September the sugar-house is open all day, while busy preparation denotes that the longed for time is at hand, and "rolling" is about to begin. Near the middle of October, carts drawn by four mules bring great loads of purple sugar cane, and dump them under the large shed, where it is picked up by women and boys and placed, as evenly as possible, on the "carrier." This is turned on an endless chain, and goes up, up, higher than the heavy machinery in the engine-room.

Then it comes down suddenly, and the cane falls, end first, between immense iron rollers, which turn slowly, crushing the cane to almost dry pulp, called "bagasse" (ba găs'). This passes on to the "bagasse-burner," where it is consumed, furnishing part of the steam to turn the big mill.

Meanwhile the juice drops into troughs, and after passing through the fumes of burning sulphur, it flows into large wooden tanks to settle. From these it is drawn, as required, into the great kettles, which are set either all in a row, or this way :

The two large ones are called "grandes," the next "prop," the next "sirop," and the last "batterie," all French names with some appropriate meaning. The "grandes" first receive the juice, where lime and water is added to cause the scum to rise, just as we put eggshells, which contain lime, into our coffee to make it clear.

After boiling a while in these "grandes," so called because they are the largest, the juice is dipped up in wooden tubs with long, heavy handles attached to them, and is poured into the "prop," the deficiency being meanwhile supplied from the settling tanks. The "prop," which derives its name from the French word *propre*, meaning clean or neat, requires vigorous skimming to render the juice clear and fit for the next kettle, to which it is removed in a similar manner.



SUGAR-MAKING IN LOUISIANA.

This is called the "sirop," the meaning of which is so clear that it scarcely requires explanation. Here, for the first time, it resembles syrup, and is delightful as a beverage, to some tastes, with a little lemon or orange juice added.

The last kettle, the "batterie" (so called because one charges batteries in warfare, and filling the "batteries" in the sugar-house is called "charging it"), cooks the syrup into sugar, in those sugar-houses where the old-time process is used. In newer methods there is a copper pan for the final cooking, with a steam coil at the bottom, thus preventing danger of scorching the sugar.

From the pan it is emptied into a movable box called a car, which rolls on a track, stopping in turn at each "cooler." These are immense shallow wooden boxes, where the sugar cools, and it is then dipped up into hogsheads with holes in them, through which the molasses drains into a large cemented cistern below.—*J. G. Randolph.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dē nōtes', signifies; indicates. 2. Rē quired', needed. 3. Ap prō'pri ate, suitable. 4. Fūmes, vapor; smoke. 5. At tached', joined. 6. Dē fī'ciēn cý, amount lacking. 7. Rē șēm'bles, looks like. 8. Běv'er age, a drink. 9. Hōgs'head, a large cask or barrel. 10. Cē mēnt'ed, bound or fastened together with cement.

Seat-Work :

From what is sugar made?

From what other plants is sugar made?

Name the different processes through which the sugar-cane passes in making sugar.

LESSON XLVIII.

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|----------------|
| liz'ards | Eū'rôpe | neigh'bor hood |
| rob'ins | in ju'ri ous | com pare' |
| im pos'si ble | quar'rel some | mu'sic |
| wood'peck er | straw'ber ries | boll'worm |
| de spised' | de struc'tive | but'ter fly |
| jay'birds | cab'bage-worm | scream'ing |
| Aus trā'li à | veg'e ta ble | or'chard |

The Boys and the Birds.

Springtime is coming, boys, and I want to tell you something about birds and frogs and lizards.

They are our best friends. Do not shoot the robins and the wrens and the bluebirds just for fun. And do not kill the frogs and lizards just for spite; because God put them there to help the farmer make his crop.

They are the farmer's watch-dogs, working from morning till night to keep away insects, which, but for these little watch-dogs, would multiply so fast that it would be impossible for us to raise cotton, corn, or anything else.

Of course, boys must have guns, and must go hunting, and must have some sort of fun. But I do not believe there is a boy anywhere who would kill his father's best friend, if he stopped a minute to think about it. No, I like boys too well to believe it of them.

Catbirds, redbirds, woodpeckers, mocking birds, and even the despised jaybirds, are some of your fathers' best friends. Each one of these little watchdogs is worth as much to the farmer as a grown man to whom he pays fifty cents a day and his food.

So are lizards and frogs. A lizard is just as useful in the fields as a cat in the pantry. And these very same little frogs that some boys torment and kill are sent to Australia from Europe by the ship-load, and sold to keep down insects that are injurious to fruits and vegetables. So now, boys, do not kill your father's friends.

The jaybird has a very bad name, I know. He pulls up the farmer's corn and steals his fruit. But never mind about that; in the long run he does more good than harm. I used to hate him myself. He is a noisy, quarrelsome fellow, and steals my strawberries; but, after talking to him about it, and scolding him, he told me he was only taking a few to pay for the work he was doing for me.

And sure enough, I watched, and saw he was catching all those horrid bugs and worms that are so

destructive to fruits and flowers. After this, I let Mr. Jaybird have all the strawberries he wanted.

He also catches the cabbage-worm moth, and makes himself generally useful in the vegetable garden. So now, boys, if Mr. Jaybird is not your fathers' friend, he is your mothers'; and don't kill your mothers' friend.

Some people say the woodpecker is a bad bird, and accuse him of killing trees. Now, that is a cruel slander. The truth is, he is only hunting for insects that have already killed the tree, and, but for him, would kill hundreds of other trees in the neighborhood. There is nothing wrong about Mr. Woodpecker; he is a good friend to the family.

But of all the friends we have in field, forest, garden, or orchard, the mocking bird is the best. I never heard anything mean about him in my life. He is a real, old-fashioned gentleman, and the South is his home. This is the only country in the world where the mocking bird lives. He is famous the world over. None of the great singers on the stage can compare with him.

But, as boys do not care much about music and singing, I will tell you what else he does. He catches the boll-worm moth, which is the farmer's worst enemy. Haven't you seen a grayish-white moth with brown spots on his wings, fluttering about in the corn and cotton fields?

Well, that is the boll-worm moth. One of these moths will lay seven hundred and fifty eggs, and these eggs will hatch out seven hundred and fifty little striped worms, that will bore into the cotton bolls and into the silk end of the corn ears, destroying hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth every year. In fact, there is no telling where it would end but for the mocking bird and some of his helpers.

Suppose a mocking bird has a nest full of young ones to feed, and suppose she catches ten of these moths a day—there are seven thousand five hundred boll-worms gone. But there is a father bird at work, also, and between them they catch many times ten moths a day, besides other insects injurious to our crops.

When you see a hawk sweep down and pick up a little chicken, and the old hen run screaming after it, trying to save her baby, don't you feel sorry for her, and don't you run for the gun and shoot the hawk? Well, that hawk is not half as mean as the boy who robs a bird's nest. The hawk is only trying to make an honest living, while the boy is doing something he ought to be sorry for to the end of his days.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mūl'ti pl̄y, increase. 2. Tōr-mēnt', worry; to vex. 3. Slān'dēr, a false tale or report. 4. Eū'rōpe, the smallest of the six continents. It lies between the Atlantic Ocean and Asia. 5. Aus trā'li ā, one of the six continents. It is the

largest island in the world and lies between the Pacific and the Indian ocean, south of Asia. 5. Fā'moūs, known very well.

Seat-Work :

What good are frogs and lizards to the farmer?

Name some birds that are also friends of the farmer.

What does the jaybird do to pay for the berries he eats?

What is said of the woodpecker?

What of the mocking bird?

Look on your maps, and trace the ship route from Europe to Australia.

LESSON XLIX.

| | | | |
|-------------|----------|------------|---------------|
| mid'sum'mer | poured | light'ning | un con'quered |
| dead'li er | free'dom | tri'umph | se cure' |

Our Left.

From dawn to dark they stood
 That long midsummer day,
 While fierce and fast
 The battle blast
 Swept rank on rank away.

From dawn to dark they fought,
 With legion torn and cleft;
 And still the wide
 Black battle tide
 Poured deadlier on "Our Left."

They closed each ghastly gap;
They dressed each shattered rank;
They knew (how well!)
That freedom fell
With that exhausted flank.

“Oh, for a thousand men
Like these that melt away!”
And down they came,
With steel and flame,
Four thousand to the fray!

Right through the blackest cloud,
Their lightning path they cleft;
And triumph came
With deathless fame
To our unconquered “Left.”

Ye of your sons secure,
Ye of your dead bereft,
Honor the brave
Who died to save
Your all upon “Our Left.”

—*Francis O. Ticknor.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Cleft, divided; cut in two. 2. Lé'giòns, bodies of infantry and cavalry, composed of from three to five thousand men. 3. Tide, the alternate rise and fall of the waters of the ocean, bays, rivers, etc. (“black battle tide”—the moving

mass of the army is likened to the rise of water when the tide comes in.) 4. Dressed, lined up the ranks in order. 5. Shät'tered, broken; disordered. 6. Ex-haust'ed, worn out; consumed. 7. Fray, battle. 8. Bē réft', deprived.

Seat-Work:

Express "from dawn to dark" in your own language.

Explain what is meant by "the battle blast"

What is meant by "Our Left?"

What is meant by the two lines—

"They closed each ghastly gap;

They dressed each shattered rank."

In the fifth stanza, what is meant by—

"Right through the blackest cloud,

Their lightning path they cleft?"

LESSON L.

| | | |
|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|
| school'mas ter | touch'ing | thought'ful |
| la'zi ness | schol'ar | neigh'bor |
| stop'ping | cut'ting | fan'ning |
| slight'ed | strag'gling | ceil'ing |
| op'por tu'ni ty | shoul'der | good'-tem'pered |
| for got'ten | bus'i ness | wor'ried |

The Schoolmaster and the Sick Scholar.

PART I.

The schoolmaster had scarcely arranged the room in due order, and taken his seat behind his desk, when

a white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and, stopping there to make an awkward bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. The white-headed boy then put an open book, much thumb-worn, upon his knees, and, pushing his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled.

Soon afterwards, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him a red-headed lad, and after him two more with white heads, and then one with a flaxen poll, and so on, until there were about a dozen boys in all, with heads of every color but gray, and of ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest one were a long way from the floor when he sat upon the form, and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered, foolish fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar, and, at the head of the row of pegs on which the hats and caps were hung, one peg was left empty. No boy thought of touching seat or peg; but many a one, as the remembrance of their delicate playmate came to mind, looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbor behind his hand.

Then began the hum of learning the lessons and getting them by heart, the sly whispers, the stealthy

game and all the noise and drawl of school ; and in the midst of the din sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly trying to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend.

But it was plain that his thoughts were wandering from his pupils, and being drawn more and more to the willing scholar whose seat was vacant. None knew this better than the idlest boys, whose misconduct became greater and more daring—eating apples under the master's eye, pinching each other in sport or malice, and cutting their names in the very legs of his desk.

The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson without book, looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow, and boldly cast his eyes upon the page. If the master did chance to rouse himself and seem alive to what was going on, the room became suddenly silent, and no eyes met his but wore a thoughtful and deeply humble look ; then, as he again became lost in thought, the noise broke out afresh and ten times louder than before.

Oh, how some of those idle rogues longed to be outside ! and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half intended to rush violently out, plunge into the woods, and be wild boys and savages from that time forth ! What rebellious thoughts of the cool rivers and shady bathing-places beneath

willow-trees, with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting that sturdy boy, who sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that hot sunny day!

Heat! Ask that other boy, whose seat, being nearest the door, gave him an opportunity to sneak quietly into the garden and drive his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well and then rolling on the grass—ask him if there was ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of flowers and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to go out of business and make honey no more.

The day was made for laziness, for lying on one's back in green places, and for staring at the sky till its brightness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep; and was this a time to be poring over dull books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself?

The lessons over, writing time began; and there being but one desk, and that the master's, each boy sat at it in turn, and toiled at his crooked copy, while the master walked about. The room was more quiet now; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and tell him kindly to observe how such a letter was turned in such a copy on the wall, and bid him take it for his model.

Then he would stop and tell them what the sick

child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and so gentle was the schoolmaster's manner that the boys seemed quite sorry that they had worried him so much, and ate no more apples, cut no more names, inflicted no more pinches for full two minutes afterward.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Awk'ward, clumsy; ungraceful. 2. Pöll, head. 3. Fôrm, bench. 4. Vă'eant, empty; unoccupied. 5. Stēalth'y, sly; furtive. 6. Mis cōn'duct, bad behavior. 7. Māl'ice, ill will. 8. Hūm'ble, meek; modest. 9. Rōgues, mischievous, playful persons. 10. Vi'o lent ly, with force; impetuously. 11. Sāv'a ges, wild, untaught people. 12. Re bēl'lious, inclined to disobedience. 13. Stūr'dy, strong; active.

Seat-Work:

What kind of a day was this? How did the boys behave?

Why was the schoolmaster so silent and thoughtful?

LESSON LI.

| | | |
|-----------------|---------------|----------------|
| hol'i day | joy'ous | flut'tering |
| vil'lage | house'keep er | hand'ker chief |
| mur'mur | stretched | val'u a ble |
| as ton'ish ment | pil'low | com pan'ions |
| shad'ows | anx'ious | shin'ing |
| in vit'ing | float'ing | school'master |

The Schoolmaster and the Sick Scholar.

PART II.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give an extra half-holiday this afternoon."

The boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were good enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath.

"You must promise me first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy; or, at least, if you are, that you'll go away and be so—away out of the village, I mean."

There was a general murmur in the negative.

"Then, pray, don't forget, there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you; and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and also be mindful that you are blessed with health. Good-bye, all!"

"Thank you, sir," and "good-bye, sir," were said a great many times, and the boys, much to their own astonishment and that of the master, went out very slowly and softly.

But there was the sun shining, and there were the

birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half-holidays ; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb and nestle among their leafy branches ; the hay, tempting them to come and scatter it in the pure air ; the green corn, gently beckoning towards wood and stream ; the smooth ground, seeming smoother still in the blending lights and shadows, and inviting to runs and leaps and long walks, no one knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and, with a joyous whoop, the whole company took to their heels and sped away, shouting and laughing as they went.

"It's natural, thank Heaven !" said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them. "I'm very glad they didn't mind me."

The schoolmaster walked slowly across the fields, and stopped before a little cottage which stood half hidden beneath the spreading branches of two old apple-trees. He knocked softly upon the door. It opened at once, and he followed the old housekeeper into an inner room, where his friend, the sick scholar, lay stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy—quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright ; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and, stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprang up, stroked his face with his hand, and

threw his wasted arm around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon; won't you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips, but no voice came from them; no, not a sound.

In the silence that followed, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the soft summer breeze, came floating through the open window. "What is that?" asked the sick child, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm was helpless.

"Shall I do it," said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me and look this way."

He raised his head, and glanced from the fluttering handkerchief to his idle bat, that lay with slate and book and other property, dear and most valuable to the boyish heart, upon a table in the room. Then he laid himself down once more. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face toward the wall and fell asleep.—*Dickens*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ex'tra, beyond what is usual. 2. Nĕg'a tive, opposition. 3. Blĕnd'ing, mingling together. 4. Lăt'tiĉe, a blind or screen made by crossing bars of wood.

Seat-Work :

How did the boys spend their half-holiday?
Where did the schoolmaster go?
What kind of boy was the sick scholar?
What do you think of the old schoolmaster?

LESSON LII.

| | | |
|----------------|------------|----------------|
| sur round'ed | stran'ger | ac know'ledged |
| Aus'tri a | mu si'cian | for sook' |
| Fred er i'ca | piec'es | sat'is fied |
| Wolf'gang | va ri'e ty | in vit'ed |
| en joy'ment | mel'o dy | in quir'ies |
| won'der ing ly | guest | Em'per or |

Little Mozart's Prayer.

Many years ago, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river in Austria.

They both loved music, and when only six years of age, Frederica could play well on the harpsichord.

But her little brother, Wolfgang, could make such music as was never heard before from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyment that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said, "Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows is like music." So they went.

As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree, the boy said thoughtfully :

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray in."

Frederica asked wonderingly, "What shall we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother.

"You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."



LITTLE MOZART'S PRAYER.

"Yes," said Frederica, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederica.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music, and by-and-by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this, a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near them. Turning, he saw a fine gentleman, who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him: "Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks that he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Frederica answered: "He is only six years old, but he plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and, on opening it, the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a piece which he had composed, the stranger entered, and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterwards, the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years, Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Christian as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says :

"I never lose sight of God. He will never abandon His servant. By the fulfillment of His will mine is satisfied."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Hārp'sī ehôrd, a very old-fashioned piano. 2. In quīr'iēs, questions. 3. Ēōm pōse', write ; arrange ; make up. 4. A būn'dānce, plenty ; great quantities. 5. Am'ple, enough for all needs. 6. Wōn'droūs, wonderful. 7. Rēē'ōg nized, knew. 8. Em'pēr ôr, the ruler of an empire. 9. As tōn'ished,

surprised. 10. Em'ī nēnt, well known. 11. Cöm-pōs'ērs, persons who write music. 12. A bān'don, to leave ; to forsake.

Seat-Work :

Who was Wolfgang? Where did he live?
 What were he and his sister doing in the woods?
 What happened there?
 How was their prayer answered?
 Who was the gentleman who overheard the children's prayer?
 What effect did this have on Wolfgang's life?
 To whom did he give the praise for the blessings he enjoyed?

LESSON LIII.

| | | | |
|---------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| de struc'tion | ad vised' | puz'zled | pierc'ing |
| de feat'ing | oc curred' | suc ceed' | ceased |
| barred | strat'e gy | fu'ture | re joic'ed |
| nei'ther | con sent'ed | va'ri ous | pro tec'tion |
| pi'geon | sus pect'ed | sus pi'cious | to'tal ly |

The Destruction of Troy.

The Trojans finally gave up the hope of defeating their enemies in the open field, and stayed within the city ; they barred the gates and kept watch upon the walls. The war was suspended, for the Greeks could neither induce the Trojans to come out, nor could they break into the city. One day the priest Calchas, who understood all the signs of the gods,

saw how a hawk followed a pigeon. The hawk had almost reached the pigeon, when it slipped into a crack in the rock where the hawk could not follow; but the hawk hid in the foliage and waited. After a while the pigeon came out of the rock, since it thought the hawk no longer there; but scarcely had the pigeon risen upon the wing, when the hawk left his hiding-place and caught it. Calchas told this to the Greek heroes, and advised them to do as the hawk had done, and take the city by stratagem. The cunning Ulysses thought of a plan that had never before been tried, and that had occurred to no one else. He made his plan known to them, and they all approved it but two, who thought it a shame to use cunning, instead of fighting the enemy face to face. But Ulysses said: "All our efforts in the field are vain; even Achilles with his wonderful power and lion bravery has not been able to capture the city. Only by strategy can we succeed." Then they consented.

Trees were now felled in the forest, and dragged into camp. One of the Greek heroes was a skillful carpenter. He made, out of the wood, a monstrous horse, in whose body there was room for more than fifty heroes. When the horse was finished, fifty of the heroes were chosen. They climbed into the horse by a ladder, which the last one drew in after him. The opening was closed with a door, which was now bolted fast. The other Greeks pushed their

ships into the sea, and made preparations as if for departure. Then they set fire to their tents, and burned them up. At night they sailed away by the light of the fire, so that the Trojans should think that they had given up the war, and wished to return home. But they merely sailed to an island, where they hid their ships in a deep bay. After the Trojans had watched the camp burn during the whole night, they came out on the next morning, but armed for battle, for they suspected it might be a stratagem, and that the Greeks had hidden themselves along the shore, in order to fall upon them when they were off their guard. They sought through every hollow, but found all empty, and now believed that the war was really at an end. The immense wooden horse, which they found upon the field, excited their greatest surprise, for however much they puzzled over it, they could not think what it meant. Then they found a Greek hidden in the bushes. His name was Sinon. He had offered to remain behind and fool the Trojans, as Ulysses had taught him. He was taken to the king, who was with the others upon the field. They asked him where the Greeks were, and why they had built the great horse, but for a long time no threats or promise could move him to say a word. Finally he acted as if it cost him much pain to break silence, and said: "It may be shameful to betray the secrets of my countrymen, but they deserve it of me ;

for before they left they tried to sacrifice me to the gods of the sea, and only with mighty effort did I succeed in breaking the bonds with which they had bound me, and escaping to that thicket. Know then, the Greeks have given up the war, and have sailed for home. That horse is an offer of sacrifice to the goddess Minerva, that she may allow them to get safely home, and the priest Calchas says that your present and future fate depends upon that horse. If you injure it, destruction will come upon you; if you take it into your fortress, then fortune will always be with you, and you will rule over all the land, far and wide."

There were various opinions among the Trojans. Some were suspicious, and advised piercing it with spear thrusts, or taking it to the top of a hill and tumbling it into a chasm, but the great majority ceased not to utter their warnings, and cried that the horse should at once be taken into the city. This supposed offering was now covered with wreaths, and entwined with leaves. Numberless ropes were fastened to the legs, the body, and the head of the horse. Each man rejoiced when he could get hold of a rope, and, as he thought, help the city, so that in the future it need fear no foe. Amidst songs of joy, and with great effort, they drew the heavy load over the plain to the gate. Then they saw that the gate was too low for the horse, but they thought, "Why do we need the protection of the gate?"

and tore it down. In the city a maiden met them, and called upon them in a loud voice to stop; they obeyed. It was Cassandra, a daughter of the king. Apollo had lent her the gift of looking into the future: and everything that she predicted came true. But she had at one time made the god angry, and he added the curse, that no one should believe her. Thus she could foretell evil, but could not prevent it. Now she stood before the horse and cried: "Unhappy men, you are drawing your destruction with you into the city. I see it already filled with fire, and murder, and blood. But you welcome your evil fate with songs of joy. Know you, you will eat your last meal to-day!" But this warning made no impression upon the people. They said, "We know her, she is a fool," and they drew the horse on until they had brought it within the fortress. Then they went to their houses and celebrated the event with rich food and wine. Flutes and pipes sounded from all the houses, for they had not had so joyous a day for ten years. Thus they thought, but in truth misfortune stood close before their doors.

When night came on, the city became still, the citizens lay in sleep. Sinon had eaten and drunk with them; he was everywhere welcomed as the best of friends, who had freed them of all care. Now he crept through the streets to a hill before the city, and held a burning torch in his hand as a sign to

the Greeks that it was time to return. Then he went to the place where the great horse stood. It needed only a gentle call to make the horse alive. The door in the body opened, the ladder was let down, and the heroes came out one by one. They rushed with fire and sword through the streets. Soon they were joined by the other Greeks, and together they totally destroyed the city.—*De Garmo's Tales of Troy; Public School Pub. Co., Bloomington, Ill.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Trō'jans, natives of Troy, an ancient city in Asia Minor. 2. Sus pēnd'ed, stopped. 3. Ēāl'chas, the soothsayer, priest, or prophet of the Greeks. 4. Fō'li āge, leaves. 5. Strāt'ā ġēm, a shrewd trick for gaining advantage. 6. U lŷs'sēs, one of the Greek chieftains, famed for cunning, wisdom, and eloquence. 7. Ap prōved', were pleased with. 8. A ehil'lēs, the bravest of the Greek chiefs. He killed Hector, the hero of the Trojans, and was himself killed by an arrow wound in the heel, the only vulnerable part of his body. 9. Fēlled, cut down. 10. Skill'ful, clever; expert. 11. Mōn'strous, frightful. 12. Si'non, the liar of the Greek camp. He fooled the Trojans into admitting the wooden horse into Troy. 13. Sāe'ri fice (sāk'ri fiz), offer up; to destroy or kill. 14. Mīn ěr'va, daughter of Jupiter. She was goddess of the air, of war, and of wisdom. She took sides with the Trojans in this war. 15. Fōr'tress, a place of defence; a walled city. 16. Ēhāsm, a deep ravine or

hollow. 17. *Ėās sãn'drà*, daughter of Priam, King of Troy. 18. *A põl'lõ*, god of the sun, also of music and poetry. 19. *Pre dīct'ed*, foretold. 20. *Cěl'e-brāt'ed*, honored.

Seat-Work :

Tell the story of the wooden horse.
 How were the Trojans fooled by Sinon?
 How did the lie succeed?
 Who warned the Trojans?
 Why did they not heed her warning?
 What did the Trojans do?
 How does the story end?

LESSON LIV.

| | | | |
|---------|-------------|--------------|------------------|
| is'land | com'pa nies | val'ue | cy'press es |
| wealth | gloom'y | plun'der ing | for get'ful ness |
| ru'ined | com pelled' | mean'while | anx'ious ly |

The Island of Forgetfulness.

Laden with the wealth of the ruined city, the Greeks formed in companies and marched down to the shore. Although a great number had fallen in battle during those ten years, the army was still so large that it took three days and nights for them to get aboard the ships with all their possessions. Ulysses and his men were the last to leave.

The sky, which had been clear when the first ships sailed out of the harbor, on the third day became

dark and threatening. But Ulysses was determined to go with the rest; and his twenty ships spread their sails and left the smoking ruins of Troy in the distance.

On the morning of the second day out, the storm that had been gathering overtook them. The greater part of the fleet escaped it by reason of their earlier start; but the tempest seized the ships of Ulysses and drove them far out of their course. Perhaps the gods, who loved Ulysses, were not willing that he should see his home again until, by passing through the greatest trials, he had learned to be even wiser and better than he was.

The twenty ships, in the power of the storm, could do nothing but scud on before it. The sky was dark, the sun by day and the moon and stars by night were hidden in gloomy clouds. The sailors did not know whither they were going. But the wind blew steadily, as if some god compelled it, and brought them in sight of land at last.

With the burning of Troy fresh in their minds, the Greeks had no sooner come ashore than they began to sack the city which they found there, taking everything of value that they could lay hands upon. Ulysses commanded them to return to the boats, but they refused to obey, and kept on plundering and carousing all the night.

Meanwhile the distressed people had sent messen-

gers for aid to their neighbors in the inland country. In the morning they gathered, thick as leaves in springtime, and fell upon the Greeks. The battle raged all day. The fighting on both sides was desperate. But at sunset all that were left of the Greeks fled to the ships and sailed away, severely punished, and glad to escape complete destruction.

Driven thus from a hostile land back to the unfriendly sea, the Greeks were again at the mercy of wind and wave. But after many days the air began to grow soft and warm, and a shore appeared where tall palm trees were growing and gray, moss-hung cypresses sent out their roots, like arms, into the quiet water.

Soft-eyed, dark-skinned natives came to meet the sailors and beckoned them to come ashore. When one of the crews had landed, they found many things that they had never seen before. Among them were the yellow lotus-flowers which grew everywhere and which the natives offered to the Greeks to eat. This fragrant food was very pleasant to the taste, but the strange thing about it was that it brought forgetfulness to every one who ate it.

No sooner had the Greeks tasted the lotus-flowers than they forgot everything that they had ever known before. They forgot the great war, they forgot their wives and children at home, watching so anxiously for their return. They wished for nothing in the

world but to stay in that warm country always, eating the sweet lotus-flowers and dreaming the time away. They even forgot that Ulysses waited in the harbor, and they might have been drowsing there to this day if he had not come in search of them. Two by two he dragged them off to the boats, weeping and making a great resistance, and sailed away with them bound fast hand and foot beneath the rowers' benches.—*Cook's Stories of Ulysses; Public School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pös sēs'sions, property. 2. Threät'en ing, indicating a coming storm. 3. Säck, to plunder; to rob of everything valuable. 4. Cà rouş'ing, drinking deeply in a noisy manner. 5. Dis trëssed', worried; troubled; afflicted. 6. Hös'tile, unfriendly. 7. Lō'tus, a tree growing in the lands about the Mediterranean sea, bearing, probably, the flowers of the lotus-eaters. 8. Drowş'ing, dozing; half-sleeping. 9. Re şist'ance, opposition.

Seat-Work:

What was the first misfortune the gods sent upon Ulysses after he sailed from Troy? Why?

Describe the second misfortune of Ulysses and his men.

Tell about the experiences of his men upon the Island of Forgetfulness.

How were they rescued?

LESSON LV.

| | | |
|---------------|------------|---------------|
| pol'y phē'mus | flick'ered | pros'pect |
| gi'ant | ech'oes | where'ip on' |
| blēat'ings | rum'bled | out'stretched |
| fōre'head | twin'kling | earth'quake |

The Giant Polyphemus.

One beautiful morning the voyagers looked out across the water and saw a pleasant country near at hand, whose dewy pastures and wooded hills invited them ashore. They wandered over the green meadows to the hills beyond, looking for some sign of human life. The first strange thing they spied, high up on the side of a mountain, was a great, dark hole, like the mouth of a cave. Wild grape-vines climbed and twisted themselves around it. Nothing would do but that the sailors must see what was within. The mountain side was very steep, but they pulled themselves up by the roots and branches, step by step, until they reached the cave. Here, in the half-light of the great, roomy cavern, they saw rows of jars full of milk and crates of cheese. From a dark corner, bleat-ings came to their ears.

They went farther in, and as their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, they saw little lambs and kids penned up together. They stood wondering, when suddenly the earth began to tremble, and there

came a terrible crash that sent them scurrying into the corners.

As soon as they dared to look out, they discovered that a giant had come in,—a monstrous fellow with a beard like a pine-tree, and only one red eye in the middle of his shaggy forehead. A flock of sheep and goats followed him into the cave. He picked up a great stone, so heavy that twenty ordinary men could not move it, and set it in the entrance for a door. Then he began to kindle a fire.

The fire-light flickered up and shone upon Ulysses and his comrades. The giant's lone eye glared.

"Who are ye?" he thundered. "What are ye doing here?" The echoes of his terrible voice rolled and rumbled through the cave. Ulysses mustered courage to tell him that they were going home from Troy. The fierce giant, without a moment's warning, then seized two of the men, gobbled them up in a twinkling, and lay down to sleep.

The sailors wept bitterly for their poor friends, but what could they do? Ulysses longed to draw his sword and stab the giant to the heart. But he remembered that all of his men together could not roll away the great stone from the door.

The next day, however, when the giant had gone out with his flock to pasture, Ulysses, exploring the cave, found a pole of green olive, which he carefully hid in a dark corner.

In the evening he took some of the sweet wine which he had brought, and which was so strong that no ordinary man could drink it without adding twenty times as much water, and craftily said :

"Giant, wilt thou taste of this, and see what good wine we had in our ships?" The giant drank it all and liked it so much that he asked Ulysses his name and said that he would grant him a favor in return.

"My name is No-man," said Ulysses, "what favor wilt thou grant me?" But the giant only kept pouring down the wine as fast as Ulysses brought it, until at last he could only grumble drowsily:

"I will not eat thee up until the last," and with that he fell back, fast asleep.

Ulysses might well have been terrified by the prospect of seeing all his comrades eaten up before him. But he was resolute; now was his time. He brought the pole from its hiding place, lifted it with the help of his men, and poised it above the one eye of the sleeping giant. Another moment, and the giant was blind. Such a hideous roar he raised that the whole earth trembled, and the sailors ran and hid themselves.

From without in the dark night came voices of his neighbor-giants shouting, "What is the matter, Polyphemus? Is some one murdering thee?" Polyphemus answered, "No-man is murdering me!" Whereupon they said, "If no man harms thee then

we cannot help thee," and thinking Polyphemus was crazy, they went back to their caves.

In the morning, blind Polyphemus sat guarding the doorway with his outstretched hands. Ulysses had gathered some of the willow twigs on which the giant slept, and going silently among the flock, tied the rams by the horns in groups of three. Under the body of each middle ram he bound one of his men. Last of all, he crawled underneath the biggest and strongest of the flock, and twisted his hands firmly in its fleece.

The sheep ran out to pasture, and as they went, the giant felt their backs and counted them, never suspecting what precious burdens they were carrying. Outside, at a distance from the cave, Ulysses dropped to the ground, unbound his comrades, and they ran down to the shore with all the speed that their fear could lend.

As their boats pushed off, Ulysses shouted back :

"Polyphemus, when they ask thee who put out thy ugly eye, say it was Ulysses, King of Ithaca!" Polyphemus was so angry when he heard it, and knew they had escaped, that he threw great rocks into the sea and even tore off the top of a hill and flung it after them. And to this day the coast looks as if an earthquake had been there.—*Cook's Stories of Ulysses; Public School Pub. Co., Bloomington, Ill.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ith'ā eā, a small island on the western coast of Greece, said to have been the home of Ulysses. 2. Voy'a gers, sailors; travelers. 3. Ac eūs'tōmed, used. 4. Seūr'ry ing, running quickly; hurrying. 5. Mūs'tered, summoned; called up. 6. Drow'si ly, sleepily. 7. Hīd'e ous, frightful. 8. Rēs'o lute, determined.

Seat-Work :

How came Ulysses and his men in the cave of the giant?

What did they find there?

Tell about the giant and his return home.

What did he do?

How did they make their escape?

What did the giant do as their boats pushed off?

What was the effect?

LESSON LVI.

| | | | |
|-------------|------------|-------------|--------------|
| Cīr'cē | leop'ards | witch'craft | guard'ed |
| pro cure' | chest'nuts | dis tinct' | sus pect'ing |
| pro ceed'ed | in stead' | pal'ace | em brac'ing |

Ulysses and Circe.

PART I.

On went the single ship, till it came to the island where Circe, the dreadful daughter of the Sun, dwelt. She was deeply skilled in magic, a haughty beauty, and had hair like the sun.

Here a dispute arose among Ulysses's men as to which of them should go ashore and explore the country; for some had to go to procure water and provisions, their stock of both being nigh spent; but their hearts failed them, when they called to mind their former dangers and lost companions, and they wept.

But tears never yet supplied any man's wants. This Ulysses knew full well; so, dividing his men (all that were left) into two companies, he placed himself at the head of one, and at the head of the other Eurylochus. He cast lots which of them should go up into the country. The lot fell upon Eurylochus and his company, two and twenty in number, who took their leave of Ulysses and his men. They all wept as they parted.

Eurylochus and his party proceeded up the country, till, in a dale, they descried the house of Circe, built of bright stone. Before her gate lay many wild beasts—wolves, lions, leopards, which, by her art, she had rendered tame. These arose when they saw strangers, and reared upon their hinder legs, and fawned upon Eurylochus and his men, who dreaded the effects of such monstrous kindness.

Stopping at the gate, they heard the enchantress within, sitting at her loom, and singing a song that made them forget everything else. Music so ravishingly sweet caused even the sagest heads among the

party to knock and call at the gate. The shining gate the enchantress opened, and bade them come in and feast. They followed—all but Eurylochus, who stayed without.

Being entered, she placed them in chairs of state, and set before them meal and honey and Smyrna wine, mixed with drugs of powerful enchantment. When they had eaten of these, and had drunk of her cup, she touched them with her charming-rod, and straight they were transformed into swine. They had the bodies of swine, with their bristles and snout and grunting noise; but they still retained the minds of men, and knew that they were hogs. She shut them up in her sty with many more whom her wicked sorceries had already changed, and she gave them husks and acorns and chestnuts to eat.

Eurylochus beheld nothing of these sad changes from where he was stationed without the gate; only, instead of his companions that had entered (who he thought had all vanished by witchcraft), he beheld a herd of swine. He then hurried back to the ship to give an account of what he had seen; but he was so frightened and confused that he could give no distinct report of anything: he only remembered a palace and a woman singing at her work, and gates guarded by lions. But his companions, he said, had all vanished.

Then Ulysses, suspecting some foul witchcraft,

snatched his sword and his bow, and commanded Eurylochus instantly to lead him to the place. But Eurylochus fell down, and, embracing his knees, besought him not to expose himself to certain destruction.

“Do thou, then, stay, Eurylochus,” answered Ulysses; “eat and drink in the ship in safety, while I go alone and seek my men. Necessity, from whose law is no appeal, compels me.”

DEFINITIONS.—1. Hąugh'ty, proud; scornful. 2. Nigh, nearly. 3. Eū rŷl'ō chus, one of Ulysses's companions in his wanderings. He was a man of great courage and bravery, and was the only one that escaped from the house of Circe when his friends were changed into swine. 4. De scried', discovered with the eye. 5. Rěn'dered, made. 6. Fąwned, played around as a dog about his master. 7. Rāv'-ish ing ly, delightfully. 8. Sąg'est, wisest. 9. En chąnt'-ress, a woman who uses magic to accomplish her wishes. 10. Trans fōrmed', changed. 11. Sōr'çēr ies, magic charms; witchcraft. 12. Vąn'ished, disappeared. 13. Ex pōše', to lay open to danger.

Seat-Work :

What dispute arose when Ulysses reached the Island of Circe?
What did wise Ulysses do before he allowed his men to explore it?

What happened to the explorers? What did Eurylochus do?
Who set out to rescue the poor sailors?

LESSON LVII.

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|----------------|
| pur sued' | vir'tues | at tempt' | oint'ment |
| jour'ney | mil'dews | vi'o lence | res'to ra'tion |
| thresh'old | poi'son ous | strewn | blub'ber ing |
| ërr'ing | pow'er ful | en throned' | mourn'ing |
| com pas'sion | de creed' | smeared | per suad'ed |

Ulysses and Circe.

PART II.

Ulysses quitted the ship, and went on shore alone. He pursued his journey till he came to the shining gates of Circe. But, when he was going to put his foot over the threshold, he was suddenly stopped by a young man bearing a golden rod in his hand. It was the god Mercury. He took Ulysses by the wrist to stop his entrance.

"Whither wouldst thou go," he said, "O thou most erring of the sons of men? Knowest thou not that this is the house of the great Circe, where she keeps thy friends in a loathsome sty, changed from the fair forms of men into the ugly shapes of swine? Art thou prepared to share their fate, from which nothing can ransom thee?"

But neither his words nor his coming from heaven could stop the daring foot of Ulysses, whom compassion for his friends had made careless of danger to

himself. 'When Mercury perceived this, he had pity on him, and gave him the flower of the herb moly. The moly is a small, unsightly root, its virtues but little known. It bears a small white flower which protects from charms, blights, mildews, and damps.

"Take this in thy hand," said Mercury, "and with it boldly enter her gates. When she shall strike thee with her rod, thinking to change thee as she has changed thy friends, boldly rush upon her with thy sword, and extort from her the dreadful oath of the gods that she will use no enchantments against thee, then force her to restore thy companions."

He then gave Ulysses the little white flower, and vanished.

When Mercury had departed, Ulysses, with loud knockings, beat at the door of the palace. The shining gates were opened as before, and the great Circe invited her guest in. She placed him on a throne, she mingled wine in a costly bowl, and he drank of it, mixed with those poisonous drugs. When he had drunk, she struck him with her charming-rod, and cried :

"To thy sty! Out, swine, mingle with thy companions!"

But these powerful words had no effect on Ulysses. He remained unchanged, and, as Mercury had directed him, he boldly charged the witch with his sword as if he meant to take her life. When she saw

this, she cried out, and bent beneath his sword, and, embracing his knees, said :

“ Who or what manner of man art thou ? Never drank any man before thee of this cup who did not repent of it in some brute’s form. Thy shape remains unaltered as thy mind. Thou canst be none other than Ulysses, renowned above all the world for wisdom, whom the Fates have long since decreed that I must love. O Ithacan ! a goddess wooes thee.”

“ O Circe ! ” he replied, “ how canst thou speak of love to one whose friends thou hast turned into beasts ? Thou offered him thy hand, only that thou mightest have him in thy power, to live the life of a beast with thee, and then to turn him into a swine at last. Thou must swear to me that thou wilt never attempt against me the treason which thou hast practiced upon my friends.”

The enchantress, won by the terror of his threats, or by the violence of that new love which she felt for him, swore by the Styx (the great oath of the gods) that she would do him no harm. She called her four chief handmaids to deck her halls, to spread rich carpets, and to set out her silver tables with dishes of the purest gold and meat as precious as that which the gods eat, to entertain her guest.

One brought water to wash his feet ; another brought wine to chase away the sorrows that had come of late so thick upon him ; they strewed per-

fumes on his head ; and, after he had bathed in a bath of the choicest perfumes, they brought him rich and costly apparel to put on. Then he was conducted to a massive throne of silver, and a feast fit for Jove was placed before him.

But the feast which Ulysses desired to see, was his friends once more in the shape of men. He sat melancholy and silent, and would taste none of the rich food placed before him. When Circe noted this, she easily divined the cause of his sadness ; and, leaving the seat on which she sat enthroned, she went to the sty and let in his men. They came in like swine, and filled the ample hall with gruntings.

Hardly had he time to let his eye run over their altered forms, when she smeared an ointment over them, and suddenly their bristles fell off ; they started up in their own shapes, men as before.

They knew their leader again, and clung about him with joy at their restoration, and with some shame for their late change. They wept so loud, blubbering out their joy in broken accents, that the palace was filled with a sound of mourning ; and the witch herself, great Circe, was not unmoved at the sight.

To make her atonement complete, she sent for Ulysses's men who had stayed behind at the ship, and who had now given up their commander for lost. When they came and saw him alive, circled by their lost companions, no expression can tell what joy they

felt: they even cried out with rapture. To have seen their frantic expressions of mirth, one might have supposed they were in sight of their homes, the cliffs of rocky Ithaca.

Only Eurylochus would hardly be persuaded to enter that palace of wonders; for he remembered with a kind of horror how his companions had vanished from his sight.—*Charles Lamb (adapted)*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Měr'ēū ry, the messenger and interpreter of the gods. He was worshipped as the god of speech, thought, language, and the sciences. 2. Lōath'some, filthy; disgusting. 3. Răn'som, purchase; release. 4. Per cēived', saw; understood. 5. Un sīght'ly, not pleasant to the eye. 6. Ex tōrt', to draw by force; to exact. 7. Re stōre', bring back to former state. 8. Re nowned', famous; noted. 9. The Fātes, the three goddesses who were believed to rule the course of human life. 10. Trēa'son, treachery; betrayal; false friendship. 11. Stŷx, a river of Hades, around which it flows seven times, and over which Charon ferried the shades of the dead. 12. Měl'an-ehōl'y, gloomy; sorrowful. 13. Di vined', guessed; detected. 14. A tōne'ment, undoing of wrong; making amends. 15. Răp'ture, extreme joy or pleasure. 16. Frăn'tie, wild; excited.

Seat-Work:

Who met Ulysses just before he entered Circe's gate?
Relate their conversation.

How was he received by Circe?

How did she find out who he was?

When she recognized him, how did she treat him?

Why did she restore his companions to their former state?

Describe the meeting between Ulysses and his friends.

LESSON LVIII.

| | | | |
|----------------|-------------|---------|----------|
| rus'tle | twit'ter | com'ing | mead'ow |
| bus'tle | out spread' | swarms | gau'zy |
| ev'er y where' | drum'ming | yon'der | hum'ming |

Persephone.

Listen! What a sudden rustle

Fills the air!

All the birds are in a bustle

Everywhere.

Such a ceaseless hum and twitter

Overhead!

Such a flash of wings that glitter,

Wide outspread!

Far away I hear a drumming—

Tap, tap, tap!

Can the woodpecker be coming

After sap?

Butterflies are hovering over
 (Swarms on swarms,)
Yonder meadow-patch of clover,
 Like snowstorms.

Up and down are midges dancing
 On the grass ;
How their gauzy wings are glancing
 As they pass !

What does all this haste and hurry
 Mean, I pray—
All this outdoor flush and flurry
 Seen to-day ?

This presaging stir and humming,
 Chirp and cheer
Mean ? It means that spring is coming :
 Spring is here !

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

DEFINITIONS.—I. Pěr sěph'o ně (Pěr sěf'o ně), the daughter of Ceres, the goddess of vegetation. Pluto, the god of the lower regions, saw Persephone and loved her. One day when she was gathering flowers with some companions, he caught her up and carried her away into his kingdom. When Ceres found what had become of her daughter, she was very angry and cursed the earth that it should yield no more grain.

Later, however, having exacted from Pluto a promise that her daughter should return to her for one-half the year, she restored the earth to her favor and allowed it to be fruitful during the time her daughter spent with her. In this way the Greeks explained the coming of Spring and Summer. 2. Cēase' less, never stopping. 3. Hōv'ēr ing, hanging over. 4. Mīdg'es, gnats, or small, long-legged flies. 5. Pre sā'ging, foretelling.

Seat-Work :

Who was Persephone?

What time of the year is she allowed to live on earth?

LESSON LIX.

| | | |
|------------------|------------------|---------------|
| fer'tile | crick'ets | jus'tice |
| drought (drou't) | quar'reled | quan'ti ty |
| com'mon ly | sys'tem | pour'ing |
| treas'ure | char'i ty | des'o la'tion |
| o'ver hang'ing | ap pear'ance | hor'ror |
| eye'brows | char'ac ter | mov'a ble |
| fan'cied | par tic'u lar ly | |

The King of the Golden River.

PART I.

In the mountains of Stiria there was, in old times, a very fertile valley. It was shut in on all sides by steep mountain crags, so high as to be always covered

with snow. A number of cataracts flowed from these snow-clad peaks, but none of them flowed into the valley. One of these cataracts fell westward. It was so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, it still shone upon this waterfall like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called, by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by large cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley. Its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the black-birds, because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned

the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen ; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the linden trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich ; and very rich they *did* get. They generally managed to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the " Black Brothers."

The youngest, Gluck, was very different, in both appearance and character, from the other two. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often ; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and

a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by a flood; the vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring curses on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door.

After this, one night, there was a dreadful storm. Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing wind without intermission! The brothers, who had been drinking all the evening, had just sense enough left to pull up all the shutters and double-bar the door before they went to bed.

They looked out of the window next morning and the Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The flood had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had

gutté the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Stîr'i ä, a province of Austria. 2. Căt'â răets, waterfalls. 3. De scënd'ed, came down. 4. Măr'vel, wonder. 5. Cî cā'dă, an insect commonly called locust or July fly. 6. Lîn'den, the lime tree; common in Europe. 7. Tûrn'spît, one who turns a spit or an iron used for roasting meat. 8. In'ter mîs'-sion, a pause, or rest.

Seat-Work:

Where was the Golden River? Why was it called so?
 How did the Treasure Valley get its name?
 Why were Schwartz and Hans called the Black Brothers?
 Why was not this name given to Gluck also?
 How did they treat him?
 How were they punished for their meanness?

LESSON LX.

| | | |
|------------------|---------------|-------------|
| flour'ish ing | im pos'si ble | (kûb'běrds) |
| in her'i tance | pos'i tive ly | mel'o dy |
| des'ert | stag'gered | sum'moned |
| de spair' | com mand'ed | pol'ished |
| fur'nace | col'umn | re cov'ered |
| cir'cum stan'ces | con ven'ient | liq'uid |
| im ag'i na ble | cup'boards | ale-house |

The King of the Golden River.

PART II.

After this there was a great change in the Treasure Valley. No rain fell from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless property in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the

money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very old mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal. These wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without looking into these eyes; and Schwartz said positively, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red

nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for awhile, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft, running melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in: yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and

looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw, meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly. Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ad'vērse, unfavorable. 2. Līve'-li hood', means of support. 3. Rēm'nants, remains. 4. Knāve, a dishonest person. 5. Re dūced', brought

down. 6. Ex'qui site, delicately beautiful. 7. Dëe'-o rā'ted, adorned; set off. 8. Mā li'cious, spiteful; wicked. 9. Sāun'tered, wandered idly; walked lazily. 10. Cir cūm'fer ence, the boundary line of a circle. (Here it means surface.) 11. Rhēn'ish, Rhine wine. 12. En'er gies, efforts; powers. 13. Re flect'ing, giving back an image like a mirror. 14. Ēru'çi ble, melting pot.

Seat-Work:

What great change now took place in Treasure Valley?
 What did Schwartz and Hans decide to do?
 Why did they come to want at last?
 What did the Black Brothers do with Gluck's mug?
 Describe the mug.
 Tell what happened while it was melting.

LESSON LXI.

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| bril'liant | com men'cing | hes'i tat'ing ly |
| del'i cate | con ver sa'tion | in qui'ry |
| fea'tures | re'fer | mal'ice |
| self-ex am i na'tion | amaze'ment | dis ap peared' |

The King of the Golden River.

PART III.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping. He was dressed in a

slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the rainbow colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt way of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly.

"No," said the dwarf. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured to ask him a question.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns. After which, he again walked up to Gluck, and stood still, as if expecting some comment on what he had said.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain, from which you see the Golden River come, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of

light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

“Oh,” cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. “Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!”

DEFINITIONS.—1. Slāshed, cut so as to show the lining between the openings. 2. Doūb'let, a close-fitting garment for men, covering the body from the neck to the waist or a little below. 3. Tēx'tūre, weaving. 4. Glēamed, shone. 5. Mōth'er-of-pēarl', a hard, pearly substance which lines the inner side of many shells. 6. De lib'er ate ly, slowly; purposely. 7. Ab rūpt', sudden. 8. Ēom'ment, remark. 9. Māj'esty, a term used in addressing kings or queens. 10. Deign'ing, granting. 11. En chānt'ment, spells; charms. 12. O'ver whēlm', overcome. 13. Trans-pār'ent, clear; allowing the light to pass through. 14. E vāp'o rāt ed, passed off in air.

Seat-Work :

Describe the dwarf.

What did he have to say about himself?

What did he tell Gluck about the Golden River?

Then what became of the King of the Golden River?



LESSON LXII.

| | | | |
|--------------|----------------|-------------|---------------|
| sav'age ly | quar'el ing | ex ist'ence | yawned |
| dis cov'er y | gnashed | prac'tised | tot'ter ing |
| stead'i ly | com'fort a ble | or'di na'ry | thun'der ing |
| re quest'ed | shoul'dered | splin'tered | re peat'ed ly |
| im me'di ate | for get'ting | con fus'ing | ter rif'ic |

The King of the Golden River.

PART IV.

The King of the Golden River had hardly disappeared, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time, they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, he repeated the story so often that they began to believe him; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after quarreling a long time as to which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray

alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify them, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so bad a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very dismal.

“Good-morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed



THE GLACIER.

at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it foamed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world. It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the waving line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to go, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on getting to the top of them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his knowledge of the mountains, he had been ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never gone over so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was very slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and

loud. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Many deceitful shadows and lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler. His ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, it was with a new feeling of terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

DEFINITIONS.—1. En ā'ble, make able. 2. Ēön'-se quence, result. 3. Frāy, fight. 4. Pāç'i fy, quiet. 5. Ēön'stā ble, an officer whose duty it is to arrest disorderly persons. 6. Con trived', managed. 7. Măğ'is trate, a public officer who tries persons brought up for unlawful behavior. 8. Vēs'pers, the evening song or service. 9. El'e vā'tions, heights. 10. Im prū'dent, rash; hurried. 11. Seāled, climbed. 12. Glā'cier, an ice river. 13. Ēhāsms, deep gaps or

crevices. 14. Mo nôt'o nous, without change or variety. 15. Dis tôrt'ed, misshapen. 16. De cêit'ful, misleading. 17. Pîn'nâ eles, peaks. 18. Con çëaled', hidden. 19. Spîres, peaks. 20. Ex hæust'ed, worn out.

Seat-Work:

What did the Black Brothers do when Gluck told them what had happened?

What became of Schwartz?

What did Hans determine to do?

Relate the story of his journey up the mountain.

LESSON LXIII.

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-----------|------------|
| com pelled' | jour'ney | ag'o ny | lead'en |
| re fresh'ing | af ford' | mock'er y | light'ning |
| re lieved' | in tense'ly | heav'ing | tor'rent |
| con tin'ued | fa tigue' | de scent' | shrieked |

The King of the Golden River.

PART V.

He had been compelled to leave the basket of food, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose refreshed him, and he continued his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a

projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and heated. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips when his eyes fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. He did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in

it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man lying on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" He stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven and left it dark. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

A BLACK STONE.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pro ject'ing, extending outward.
 2. At'mos phēre', air. 3. Af flicted, troubled; tormented. 4. Ex tēnd'ed, stretched out. 5. Spūrned, kicked scornfully. 6. Gōal, end of journey. 7. Prōs'trate, lying flat; stretched out. 8. Pro lōnged', lengthened. 9. Gīr'dle, belt.

Seat-Work:

How did Hans get the holy water?

What did he want with it?

How did he treat the dog?

What did he see the next time he took a drink?

How did he treat the child?

What was his third trial?

How did he treat the old man?

What happened when he cast the water into the torrent?

Why?

LESSON LXIV.

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------|------------|------------|
| anx'ious ly | cor rect' | flask | lev'el |
| ter'ri bly | man'age | flick'ered | frag'ments |
| hap'pened | read'i ly | fig'ure | glared |
| al'to geth'er | diff'i cul'ty | stretched | be neath' |

The King of the Golden River.

PART VI.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house nor any money; so Gluck hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, so he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now, when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a thing might not be altogether correct, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So he got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket; and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep, rocky path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. As he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for

water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea, and cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about his lips. When he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back, but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. The sky,

where the sun was setting, was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. When Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the mourning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

TWO BLACK STONES.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Hāze, mist or vapor. 2. Low'ering, dark and threatening. 3. Strōde, walked with long steps. 4. Pre vāiled', overcame. 5. Zē'nith, the point in the heavens directly overhead.

Seat-Work:

What was Gluck doing all this time?

How did Schwartz get out of prison?

What did he do then?

Whom did he see on his journey?

How did he treat them?

What became of him. Why?

LESSON LXV.

| | | | |
|-----------|----------------|---------------|--------------|
| o bliged' | mer'ri ly | strug'gled | as cent' |
| thirst'y | grass'hop'pers | lil'ies | hun'dred |
| com'ing | in creased' | but'ter flies | suc ceed' |
| fee'ble | pit'e ous ly | ven'ture | mourn'ful ly |

The King of the Golden River.

PART VII.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. After a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so used to climbing mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at

the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass after he got over, and began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he became very thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. The path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it; some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it. Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised his flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside. It cried out piteously for water. Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. It smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill. Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing

again. There were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again. When he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him, and thought of the dwarf's words, "No one can succeed, except in his first attempt." He tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. He opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

DEFINITIONS.—I. *Gên'tians*, a small flower common in the mountains of Europe, generally blue but

sometimes red, yellow or white. 2. In töl'er à ble, unbearable.

Seat-Work :

What did little Gluck do while waiting for his brothers?
 What led Gluck to try his fortune with the Golden River?
 Whom did he meet first on the mountain path?
 What did Gluck do?
 How did he treat the little child?
 Whom did he see next?
 What did he do?

LESSON LXVI.

| | | | |
|----------------|----------|------------|----------------|
| twink'ling | ves'sel | crys'tal | myr'tle |
| sec'onds | mer'cy | whirl'pool | length'en ing |
| ac quaint'ance | corp'ses | mu'si cal | in her'it ance |
| real'ly | val'ley | obeyed' | prom'ise |
| prob'a bly | veiled | twi'light | mourn'ful ly |

The King of the Golden River.

PART VIII.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed astonish-

ment. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those brothers of yours, for me to turn into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church-font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his face grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. The dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light: he stood for an

instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because the river was not turned into gold. Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley. As he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. When he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft in the rocks above it, and was flowing in many little streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed through the soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river-sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. Thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again. The inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. For him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

The inhabitants of the valley, to this day, point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it appears in the Treasure Valley. At the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset. These stones are still called, by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

—*John Ruskin (adapted).*

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Mön'arch, ruler; king. 2. Chûrch-fönt, a basin or stone vessel in which water is contained for baptizing. 3. De filed', made foul or impure. 4. In dīs tinct', not easily seen; not clear; faint. 5. Brīl'liant, very bright. 6. Clēft, a crack; a crevice. 7. Tēn'drils, the slender, thread-like portions of plants used for grasping.

Seat-Work:

What change now took place in the dog?
 What did the dwarf say to Gluck about his brothers?
 Why was the water they brought unholy?
 What did the dwarf then do for Gluck?
 What happened when he cast in the three drops?
 How did the King of the Golden River fulfill his promise?

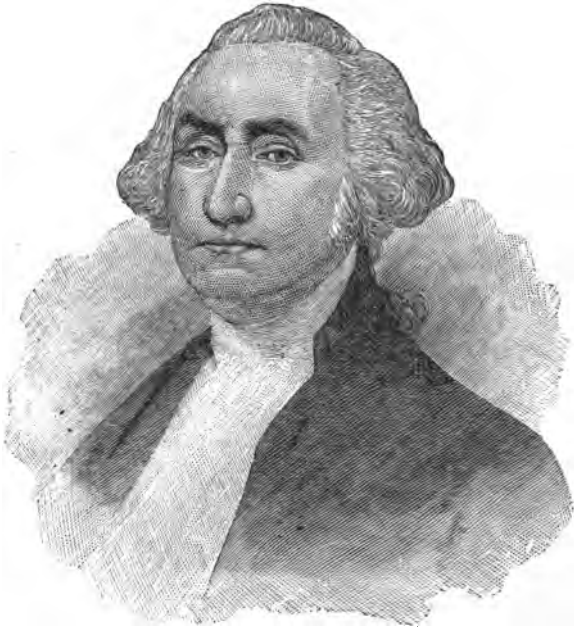
LESSON LXVII.

PART I.

wea'ried

gaz'ing

guilt'y



George Washington
Washington.

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state ?

Yes, one—the first, the last, the best,
 The Cincinnatus of the West—
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Re pōse', rest. 2. Dēs'pi eà ble, mean ; low ; deserving to be despised. 3. Stāte, condition. 4. Cin'cin nā'tus, a Roman consul, regarded by the Romans as a mōdel of virtue and simple manners. 5. Be quēathed', gave ; handed down.

Seat-Work :

Commit to memory.

PART II.

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| per form' | im por'tance | as so'ci ate | urg'ing |
| af fairs' | de liv'er | rep u ta'tion | se'ri ous ly |
| rec're a'tions | ab stain' | im mod'est | rev'er ence |

Some of Washington's Rules of Conduct.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

Be not tedious in discourse.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

When a man does all that he can, though it succeeds not well, blame him not.

Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and, if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Use no reproachable language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation.

Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table.

Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth.

Laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion.

When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ce lēs'tial (se lēs'chal), divine; heavenly. 2. Ēōn'science (kōn'shēns), one's sense of right and wrong. 3. Ēōūr'te ous, polite. 4. Cū'ri ous, prying. 5. Apprōach', go near. 6. Tē'di ous, tiresome. 7. Re prōach'a ble, deserving reproach or censure. 8. Re vile', abuse; speak meanly to or of a person. 9. Dōle'ful, gloomy; dismal. 10. At'tri būtes, qualities.

Seat-Work:

Study closely the meaning of each one of these rules.

Learn at least one of them by heart. Learn more than one if you have time.

LESSON LXVIII.

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------|---------------|
| Wash'ing ton | Berke'ley | Shen'an dō ah |
| dis ap point'ment | strip'ling | fore'head |
| em bit'tered | ques'tioned | (fōr'ēd) |
| re'gion | a'cres | Al ex an'dria |

Washington at "Greenway Court," A. D. 1748.

Thomas, Lord Fairfax, after a love disappointment that embittered his life, retired to his boundless acres on the Shenandoah, and there built "Greenway Court," where he lived in rude baronial style. He was always fond of saying that he had taught George Washington, when a lad, to hunt. Washington was engaged by Lord Fairfax to survey his immense estates, although only sixteen years old at the time, and he lived for months in that wild region.

Lord Fairfax sat before the fire,
 Within his forest hall,
 Where antlers wide, on every side,
 Hung branching from the wall.

Around the casements howled the wind;
 The snow was falling deep,
 And at his feet, crouched in the heat,
 His stag-hounds lay asleep.

They heard a horse's hoofs without,
 Above the wintry roar,
 And with a bay they sprang away
 To guard the opening door;

And, if their master had not chid,
With instant word and frown,
They quick had met with fierce onset
The guest, and dragged him down.

“Shame, shame! Prince Charles!”

Lord Fairfax cried;

“Off, Berkeley! With such sport,
No friend, I trow, we welcome so,
Who comes to Greenway Court.”



GREENWAY COURT.

He eyed the stripling, straight and tall;
He marked his stalwart frame;
And, with a rare and knightly air,
He questioned of his name.

“Why, you are but a lad,” he said,
“And wherefore should you roam
So far away, this wintry day,
From all the sweets of home?”

"At Greenway Court I dwell alone,
A'soured and saddened man,
With leave to find, far from my kind,
Such solace as I can.

"But you—why break away so soon,
And all youth's joys forego,
To seek the work a man might shirk,
And miss your boyhood so?

"Yes, I have acres without count,
That needs must be surveyed;
But what can you, a stripling, do,
With none besides to aid?"

The boy's blue eyes shot steel-like, clear,
And from his forehead fair,
Fresh with the sheen of scarce sixteen,
He shook his Saxon hair:—

"I am a widow's son," he said—
Proud were his look and tone—
"The staff and stay, I dare to say,
My mother calls her own.

"With rod and chain I mean to walk
The wilds without a dread;
God's care, I'm sure, will keep secure
The boy who wins his bread."

"Ay, will He so!" Lord Fairfax cried,
"And, ere my days are done,
God wot, I'll hear some word of cheer
About this widow's son.

"But now forget your rod and chain;
For, on the morrow morn,
We'll be away by dawn of day,
With huntsman, hound and horn.

"What! Know no woodcraft?
Never brought
A pair of antlers down?
Is that the way they rear to-day
The lads within the town?

"As sure as Shenandoah flows
In front of Greenway Court,
I promise you a buck or two
Shall grace your maiden sport."

* * * * *

The Christmas hunt was o'er. The hearth
Blazed bright with knots of pine;
And host and guest, with whetted zest,
Before it sipped their wine.

"Right merry sport we've had to-day;
And now, if any bid
Tell who" (he laughed) "taught you woodcraft,
Why, say, 'Lord Fairfax did.'"

He called a huntsman : " Saddle Duke
 Without a moment's loss,
 And lift, and lay, as best you may,
 That fattest buck across ;

"And straight to Alexandria bear
 The message, that her son
 Sends his first sport from Greenway Court
 To Mistress Washington."

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Bâ rō'ni al, elegantly; like a baron or lord. 2. Sûr'vey (sûr vâ'), to measure and map. 3. Ant'lers, horns of a deer. 4. Ēase'ments, windows. 5. Chîd, rebuked. 6. Trōw, trust. 7. Stal'wart (stōl'wērt), brave; strong. 8. Knight'ly, noble; chivalrous. 9. Sōl'āçe, comfort; consolation. 10. Shīrk (shērk), avoid; neglect. 11. Shēēn, brightness. 12. Stāff and stāy, support. 13. Aȳ, yes. 14. Wōt, knows. 15. Wōōd'crāft, skill in hunting and wood sports. 16. Whēt'ted, sharpened. 17. Zēst, keen enjoyment; relish.

Seat-Work:

Where was Greenway Court? Describe it.

Tell what you know of Lord Fairfax.

What was it in Washington that impressed Lord Fairfax so well?

How did Lord Fairfax show this?

LESSON LXIX. .

PART I.

blos'som

gar'den

ques'tion

beau'ty

mai'den

o bey'

The Wild Rose and the Little Girl.

"O wild rose by the wayside !

How can you blossom there,
With none to note your beauty,
Or praise your petals fair ?

Your sisters in the garden

We cultivate with care ;
But, dusty and neglected,
How can you blossom there ? "

"Ah, foolish little maiden,

The Master set me here !
He bade me grow and blossom
At this time every year.

'Tis not for me to murmur,
'Tis not for me to fear,
But do my best to please him—
The Master set me here."

Oh ! could we learn the lesson
The flowers teach all day,
Nor question what he sends us,
But only to obey !

DEFINITIONS.—1. Nöte, notice. 2. Pět'als, leaves of a flower. 3. Ėül'ti vâte, attend to and make grow. 4. Nĕg lĕct'ed, let alone. 5. Mûr'mûr, complain ; grumble.

Seat-Work :

What lesson did the rose teach the little girl?

PART II.

| | | |
|-----------|----------|----------|
| quit'ting | fit'ting | high'est |
| bus'y | serv'ing | ön'ward |

Rest.

Rest is not quitting the busy career ;
 Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere :
 'Tis loving and serving the highest and best ;
 'Tis onward unswerving—this is *true* rest.

—*Goethe.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ėâ rĕēr', life work. 2. Sphĕre, place or duty. 3. Un swĕrv'ing, not turning aside ; continuing in the same course.

Seat-Work :

Copy and commit to memory.

LESSON LXX.

PART I.

| | | | |
|--------------|------------|----------------|------------|
| mis'chievous | myth | coun'cils | knowl'edge |
| squeeze | ex act'ly | frost'-gi'ants | gnaw'ing |
| flat'tened | u'ni verse | foun'tain | ser'pent |

Norse Story of the Ash Tree.

Look at this ash twig. What a thick, hard twig it is! How smooth and round! The buds are in pairs, opposite each other; but look at the end of the twig! Has some mischievous little elf been round with the pinchers, giving each little twig a squeeze at the tip to make it broader and flatter? It is the same shape as your arm; first round, then flattened at the wrist. Now you will not forget what ash twigs are like. See if you can find any other twigs like them.

You know who the ancient Scandinavians were. You have heard of their gods, Odin, Thor, and Baldur. They called the ash Odin's tree. They say that Odin, their greatest god, made the first man out of one of those flattened twigs, so like your arm.

A curious old myth was handed down among these Scandinavians about the ash tree. A myth is a picture-story of nature, so old that no one knows where, or when, or how, it was first told, nor exactly what it means.

This is the story. The earth is flat, and in the middle of it rises Igdrasyl, the tree of the universe. This is a great ash tree. Its branches cover the world, and under its shade the gods hold their councils.

It has three roots: one in heaven, one in the land of the frost-giants, one in the under-world. At each root is a sacred fountain of wisdom and knowledge, with which three maidens water the tree, and the leaves drip dew of honey upon the world.

An eagle sits in the topmost branches to keep a look-out; a serpent lies gnawing the root; and a squirrel runs up and down between them, telling the news and making mischief.

Under the tree is hidden the horn of doom, and when this sounds, the great ash will crack and bend, the sea will rise, and the fire-god will come forth and burn up the world. Then shall arise a new world better than this, with a new ash in the centre.—*Mrs. Dyson (adapted).*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Nôrse (comes from a word meaning north), belonging to Scandinavia. 2. Elf, a kind of mischievous fairy. 3. Seän'di nã'vi ans, the people of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland, countries in the northern part of Europe, called Scandinavia. 4. O'din (or Wō'den), chief god of the ancient Scandinavians. Wednesday is Woden's day. 5. Thôr, the god of Thunder; son of Odin. Thursday is

Thor's day. 6. Bał'dūr, the god of Peace, son of Odin and Frey'a (Frī'a). Friday is Freya's day. 7. Ig'drās ŷl, the great ash tree, the world tree of Norse myths. 8. Coun'cils, bodies of men gathered together for consultation or advice.

Seat-Work :

What is the shape of an ash twig?

What people specially honored the ash tree?

What did they say about these ash twigs?

What was their belief about the tree?

PART II.

| | | | |
|-----------|---------------|----------------|-----------|
| sol'diers | shields | mer'ry-mak'ing | hand'some |
| hon'ored | troops | ham'mer | get'ting |
| spears | vic to'ri ous | pow'er ful | seized |

Norse Gods.

The chief of the Norse gods was named Odin and his wife was named Freya.

They lived at Valhalla, and all Norse soldiers hoped to go to this place after death; for Valhalla was a place where brave soldiers were highly honored. The halls were hung with spears and shields, and troops of soldiers went forth from it every day to

fight. They were always victorious, and when they came back at night they had a great feast and much merry-making.

Odin had a son named Thor, who was the god of thunder. Thor carried a very heavy hammer which he used to help out gods and men when they were in close places. His hammer was a thunder-bolt. When it thundered, the Norse thought that Thor was throwing this hammer. He was very powerful, with a long red beard reaching almost to the ground.

There was an evil god at Valhalla, too, whose name was Loki. Loki was very handsome, but he was always getting himself and others into trouble. Finally, he became so very bad that the gods seized and bound him.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Frey'a, goddess of love and beauty; the queen of the Norse heaven, wife of Odin. 2. Vål'hål la, the heaven of the Norse. 3. Lø'ki, the god of strife and evil. He planned the death of Baldur, for which the gods bound him in chains till the end of the world.

Seat-Work:

Who was Freya? What was Valhalla?

Who was the chief god of the Norsemen?

Who was Loki? Why was he bound?

LESSON LXXI.

| | | |
|--------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| troub'led | dis eas'es | cav'ern |
| splen'dor | thith'er ward | al read'y |
| sym'pa thize | poi'son ous | en clo'sure |
| met'als | dis'ap peared' | prep'a ra'tions |
| cop'per | mourn'ful | couch'es |
| in'jure | im me'di ate ly | cur'tains |
| gran'ite | whirl'wind | mis'er y |

Baldur.

THE DREAM.

Upon a summer's afternoon it happened that Baldur, the Bright and Bold, beloved of men and Æsir, found himself alone in his palace of Broadblink. Thor was walking low down among the valleys, his brow heavy with summer heat; Frey and Gerda sported on still waters in their cloudleaf ship; Odin, for once, slept on the top of Air Throne; a noon-day stillness filled the whole earth; and Baldur in Broadblink, the wide-glancing, most sunlit of palaces, dreamed a dream.

Now the dream of Baldur was troubled. He knew not whence nor why; but when he awoke he found that a most new and weighty care was within him. It was so heavy that Baldur could scarcely carry it,

and yet he pressed it closely to his heart, and said, "Lie there, and do not fall on any one but me." Then he rose up, and walked out from the splendor of his hall, that he might seek his own mother and tell her what had happened to him. He found her in her crystal saloon, calm and kind, waiting to listen, and ready to sympathize; so he walked up to her, his hands pressed closely on his heart, and lay down at her feet sighing.

"What is the matter, dear Baldur?" asked Freya, gently.

"I do not know, mother," answered he. "I do not know what the matter is; but I have a shadow in my heart."

"Take it out, then, my son, and let me look at it," replied Freya.

"But I fear, mother, that if I do it will cover the whole earth."

Then Freya laid her hand upon the heart of her son that she might feel the shadow's shape. Her brow became clouded as she felt it; her parted lips grew pale, and she cried out, "Oh! Baldur, my beloved son! the shadow is the shadow of death!"

Then said Baldur, "I will die bravely, my mother."

But Freya answered, "You shall not die at all; for I will not sleep to-night until everything on earth has sworn to me that it will neither kill nor harm you."

So Freya stood up, and called to her everything on earth that had power to hurt or slay. First, she called all metals to her; and heavy iron-ore came lumbering up the hill into the crystal hall, brass and gold, copper, silver, lead, and steel, and stood before the Queen, who lifted her right hand high in the air, saying, "Swear to me that you will not injure Baldur;" and they all swore, and went. Then she called to her all stones; and huge granite came with crumbling sand-stone, and white lime, and the round, smooth stones of the sea-shore, and Freya raised her arm, saying, "Swear that you will not injure Baldur;" and they swore, and went. Then Freya called to her the trees; and wide-spreading oak trees, with tall ash and sombre firs, came rushing up the hill with long branches, from which green leaves like flags were waving, and Freya raised her hand, and said, "Swear that you will not hurt Baldur;" and they said, "We swear," and went. After this Freya called to her the diseases, who came blown thitherward by poisonous winds on wings of pain, and to the sound of moaning. Freya said to them, "Swear:" and they sighed, "We swear," then flew away. Then Freya called to her all beasts, birds, and venomous snakes, who came to her and swore, and disappeared. After this she stretched out her hand to Baldur, whilst a smile spread over her face, saying, "And now, my son, you cannot die."

But just then Odin came in, and when he had heard from Freya the whole story, he looked even more mournful than she had done; neither did the cloud pass from his face when he was told of the oaths that had been taken.

"Why do you still look so grave, my lord?" demanded Freya at last. "Baldur cannot now die."

But Odin asked very gravely, "Is the shadow gone out of our son's heart, or is it still there?"

"It cannot be there," said Freya, turning away her head resolutely, and folding her hands before her.

But Odin looked at Baldur, and saw how it was. The hands pressed to the heavy heart, the beautiful brow grown dim. Then immediately he arose, saddled Sleipnir, his eight-footed steed, mounted him, and, turning to Freya, said, "I know of a dead Vala, Freya, who, when she was alive, could tell what was going to happen; her grave lies on the east side of Helheim, and I am going there to awake her, and ask whether any terrible grief is really coming upon us."

So saying, Odin shook the bridle in his hand, and the eight-footed, with a bound, leapt forth, rushed like a whirlwind down the mountain of Asgard, and then dashed into a narrow defile between rocks.

Sleipnir went on through the defile a long way, until he came to a place where the earth opened her mouth. There Odin rode in and down a broad, steep, slanting road which led him to the cavern Gnipa, and

the mouth of the cavern Gnipa yawned upon Niflheim. Then thought Odin to himself, "My journey is already done." But just as Sleipnir was about to leap through the jaws of the pit, Garm, the voracious dog who was chained to the rock, sprang forward, and tried to fasten himself upon Odin. Three times Odin shook him off, and still Garm, as fierce as ever, went on with the fight. At last Sleipnir leapt, and Odin thrust just at the same moment; then horse and rider cleared the entrance, and turned eastward toward the dead Vala's grave, dripping blood along the road as they went; while the beaten Garm stood baying in the cavern's mouth.

When Odin came to the grave he got off his horse, and stood with his face northward looking through barred enclosures into the city of Helheim itself. The servants of Hela were very busy there making preparations for some new guest—hanging gilded couches with curtains of anguish and splendid misery upon the walls. Then Odin's heart died within him and he began to repeat mournful runes in a low tone to himself.

The dead Vala turned heavily in her grave at the sound of his voice, and, as he went on, sat boldly upright. "What man is this," she asked, "who dares disturb my sleep?"

Then Odin, for the first time in his life, said what

was not true ; the shadow of Baldur dead fell upon his lips, and he gave her a false name.

"And what do you want from me ?" asked the Vala.

"I want to know," replied Odin, "for whom Hela is making ready that gilded couch in Helheim ?"

"That is for Baldur, the Beloved," answered the dead Vala. "Now go away, and let me sleep again, for my eyes are heavy."

But Odin said, "Only one word more. Is Baldur going to Helheim ?"

"Yes, I've told you that he is," answered the Vala.

"Will he never come back to Asgard again ?"

"If everything on earth should weep for him," answered she, "he will go back ; if not, he will remain in Helheim."

Then Odin covered his face with his hands, and looked into darkness.

"Do go away," said the Vala. "I'm so sleepy ; I cannot keep my eyes open any longer."

But Odin raised his head, and said again, "Only tell me this one thing. Just now, as I looked into darkness, it seemed to me as if I saw one on earth who would not weep for Baldur. Who was it ?"

At this the Vala grew very angry, and said, "How couldst *thou* see in darkness ? I know of only one who, by giving away his eye, gained light. *Thou* art no one but Odin, chief of men."

At her angry words Odin became angry, too, and called out as loudly as ever he could, "No Vala art thou, nor wise woman, but rather the mother of three giants."

"Go, go!" answered the Vala, falling back in her grave; "no man shall waken me again until Loki have burst his chains and Ragnarök be come." After this Odin mounted the eight-footed once more, and rode thoughtfully towards home.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Æ'sir, the twelve gods of Asgard. 2. Frey (fri), god of the Light Elves, brother of Freya. 3. Gēr'da, Queen of the Northern Lights, Frey's sweetheart. 4. Erýs'tal, a beautiful glass, clear and transparent. 5. Sa lōōn', a large, elegant room for the reception of visitors. 6. Vēn'omous, poisonous. 7. Rēs'o lūte ly, with determination; firmly. 8. Slēip'nēr, Odin's eight-footed horse. 9. Vā lá, a priestess, or prophetess. 10. Hēl'heim, the kingdom of the dead, ruled over by Hēla, queen of the dead. 11. As'gārd, the country of the gods. 12. De file', a narrow passage between hills and rocks. 13. Gnī'pā (gnī'pā), a cave in Niflheim, wherein the bloody dog, Garm, guards the gate of Helheim. 14. Yawned, opened wide as if to swallow up. 15. Nifl'heim, the land of mist; the dark under-world of the far North. 16. Vo rá'cious, greedy; eager to devour. 17. Bāy'-ing, barking in a deep voice. 18. Gild'ed, covered with gold. 19. Rūnes, the Scandinavian alphabet.

It is supposed that very few were acquainted with these marks, and that they were used chiefly in working spells or witchcraft. 20. Räg'nā rök, the last day; the end of the world; the twilight of the gods.

Seat-Work:

Who was Baldur? What troubled him? What was this shadow?

What did Freya do to protect Baldur?

Was Odin satisfied with this?

What did he do?

What is Niflheim?

What did the Vala tell Odin?

LXXII.

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-----------------|--------------|
| Peace'stead | fu'ri ous | ea'ger ly | ex pres'sion |
| prac'ticed | hob'bled | mis'tle toe | im pa'tient |
| con duct'ed | knocked | shud'dered | ges'ture |
| hon'or a ble | trem'u lous | pres'ence | ap prove' |
| bruises | squeak'ing | dis'con tent'ed | un cer'tain |

Baldur's Death.

When Odin came back to Asgard, Hermod took the bridle from his father's hand, and told him that the rest of the Æsir were gone to the Peacestead—a broad, green plain which lay just outside the city. Now this was, in fact, the playground of the Æsir, where they practiced trials of skill one with another, and held tournaments and sham fights. These last

were always conducted in the gentlest and most honorable manner; for the strongest law of the Peacestead was that no angry blow should be struck, or spiteful word spoken upon the sacred field; and for this reason some have thought it might be well if children also had a Peacestead to play in.

Odin was too much tired by his journey from Helheim to go to the Peacestead that afternoon; so he turned away, and shut himself up in his palace of Gladsheim. But when he was gone, Loki came into the city by another way, and hearing from Hermod where the Æsir were, set off to join them.

When he got to the Peacestead, Loki found that the Æsir were standing round in a circle shooting at something, and he peeped between the shoulders of two of them to find out what it was. To his surprise he saw Baldur standing in the midst, erect and calm, whilst his friends and brothers were aiming their weapons at him. Some hewed at him with their swords—others threw stones at him—some shot arrows pointed with steel, and Thor continually swung Miölnir at his head. "Well," said Loki to himself, "if this is the sport of Asgard, what must that of Jötunheim be? I wonder what Father Odin and Mother Freya would say if they were here?" But as Loki still looked, he became even more surprised, for the sport went on and Baldur was not hurt. Arrows aimed at his very heart glanced back

again untinged with blood. The stones fell down from his broad, bright brow and left no bruises there. Swords clave, but did not wound him; Miölnir struck him, and he was not crushed. At this Loki grew perfectly furious with envy and hatred. "And why is Baldur to be so honored," said he, "that even steel and stone shall not hurt him?" Then Loki changed himself into a little, dark, bent, old woman, with a stick in his hand, and hobbled away from the Peacestead to Freya's cool saloon. At the door he knocked with his stick.

"Come in!" said the kind voice of Freya, and Loki lifted the latch.

Now when Freya saw, from the other end of the hall, a little, bent, crippled, old woman come hobbling up her crystal floor, she got up with true queenliness and met her half way, holding out her hand, and saying in the kindest manner, "Pray sit down, my poor old friend; for it seems to me that you have come from a great way off."

"That I have, indeed," answered Loki in a tremulous, squeaking voice.

"And did you happen to see anything of the Æsir," asked Freya, "as you came?"

"Just now I passed by the Peacestead, and saw them at play."

"What were they doing?"

"Shooting at Baldur."

Then Freya bent over her work with a pleased smile on her face. "And nothing hurt him?" she said.

"Nothing," answered Loki, looking keenly at her.

"No, nothing," murmured Freya, still looking down and speaking half musingly to herself; "for all things have sworn to me that they will not."

"Sworn!" exclaimed Loki, eagerly; "what is that you say? Has everything sworn, then?"

"Everything," answered she, "excepting, indeed, the little shrub mistletoe, which grows, you know, on the west side of Valhalla, and to which I said nothing, because I thought it was too young to swear."

"Excellent!" thought Loki; and then he got up.

"You're not going yet, are you?" said Freya, stretching out her hand and looking up at last into the eyes of the old woman.

"I'm quite rested now, thank you," answered Loki in his squeaky voice, and then he hobbled out at the door, which clapped after him, and sent a cold gust into the room. Freya shuddered, and thought that a serpent was gliding down the back of her neck.

When Loki had left the presence of Freya, he changed himself back to his proper shape, and went straight to the west side of Valhalla, where the mistletoe grew. Then he opened his knife and cut off a large branch, saying these words, "Too young for Freya's oaths, but not too weak for Loki's work."

After which he set off for the Peacestead once more, the mistletoe in his hand. When he got there he found that the Æsir were still at their sport, standing round, taking aim, and talking eagerly, and Baldur did not seem tired.

But there was one who stood alone, leaning against a tree, and who took no part in what was going on. This was Hödur, Baldur's blind twin-brother; he stood with his head bent downwards, silent, whilst the others were speaking, doing nothing when they were most eager; and Loki thought that there was a discontented expression on his face, just as if he were saying to himself, "Nobody takes any notice of me." So Loki went up to him and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"And why are you standing here all alone, my brave friend?" said he. "Why don't *you* throw something at Baldur. Hew at him with a sword, or show him some attention of that sort."

"I haven't got a sword," answered Hödur, with an impatient gesture; "and you know as well as I do, Loki, that Father Odin does not approve of my wearing warlike weapons, or joining in sham fights, because I am blind." "Oh! is that it?" said Loki. "Well, I only know *I* shouldn't like to be left out of everything. However, I've got a twig of mistletoe here which I'll lend you if you like; a harmless little twig enough, but I shall be happy to guide your arm

if you would like to throw it, and Baldur might take it as a compliment from his twin-brother."

"Let me feel it," said Hōdur, stretching out his uncertain hands.

"This way, this way, my dear friend," said Loki, giving him the twig. "Now, as hard as ever you can, to do *him honor*; throw!"

Hōdur threw—Baldur fell, and the shadow of death covered the whole earth.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Hēr'mōd, the swift messenger of the gods. 2. Tpur'ná ment, a sham fight or war-like game. 3. Glāds'heīm, the Council Hall of Odin and the twelve gods of Asgard. 4. Wēap'ons, implements of warfare. 5. Miöl nir (myēl'nēr), the magic hammer of Thor, the god of Thunder. 6. Jo'tūn-heīm, the land of the Frost Giants. 7. Un tīnged', unstained. 8. Mūš'ing ly, as if thinking. 9. Hō'dūr, the god of Darkness, twin brother of Baldur. 10. Cōm'pli ment, honor; praise.

Seat-Work:

What was the Peacestead?

What were the Æsir doing there?

Why did nothing hurt Baldur?

Who was angry because of this?

How did he fool Freya?

What did Loki then do?

How did his evil plan succeed?

LESSON LXXIII.

| | | | |
|------------|--------------|------------|-----------|
| foot'steps | re peat'ing | croak'ing | mourn |
| a mongst' | peace'ful ly | sweep'ing | hus'band |
| con fused' | fu'ner al | groaned | float'ing |
| hoarse | ma jes'tic | daugh'ters | sob'bing |

Baldur's Funeral Ship.

One after another they turned and left the Peacestead, those friends and brothers of the slain. One after another they turned and went towards the city; crushed hearts, heavy footsteps, no word amongst them, a shadow upon all. The shadow was in Asgard too,—had walked through Freya's hall, and seated itself upon the threshold of Gladsheim. Odin had just come out to look at it, and Freya stood by in mute despair as the Æsir came up.

"Loki did it! Loki did it!" they said at last in confused, hoarse whispers, and they looked from one to another, upon Odin, upon Freya, upon the shadow which they saw before them, and which they felt within. "Loki did it!" "Loki, Loki!" they went on saying; but it was no use repeating the name of Loki over and over again when there was another name they were too sad to utter, which yet filled all their hearts—Baldur. Freya said it first, and then they all went to look at him lying down so peacefully on the grass—dead, dead.



BALDUR'S FUNERAL SHIP.

"Carry him to the funeral pyre!" said Odin, at length; and four of the Æsir stooped down and lifted their dead brother.

With scarcely any sound they carried the body tenderly to the sea-shore, and laid it upon the deck of that majestic ship called Ringhorn, which had been *his*. Then they stood round waiting to see who would come to the funeral. Odin came, and on his shoulders sat his two ravens, whose croaking drew clouds down over the Asa's face, for Thought and Memory sang one sad song that day. Freya came— Frey, Gerda, Freyja, Thor, Hœnir, Bragi, and Idûn. Heimdall came weeping over the tops of the mountains on Golden Mane, his swift, bright steed. Ægir the Old groaned from under the deep, and sent his daughters up to mourn around the dead. Frost-giants and mountain-giants came crowding round the rimy shores of Jötunheim to look across the sea upon the funeral of an Asa. Nanna came, Baldur's fair young wife; but when she saw the dead body of her husband her own heart broke with grief, and the Æsir laid her beside him on the stately ship. After this Odin stepped forward and placed a ring on the breast of his son, whispering something at the same time in his ear; but when he and the rest of the Æsir tried to push Ringhorn into the sea before setting fire to it, they found that their hearts were so heavy they could lift nothing. So they beckoned to the giantess

Hyrrokin to come over from Jötunheim and help them. She, with a single push, set the ship floating, and then, whilst Thor stood up holding Miölnir high in the air, Odin lighted the funeral pile of Baldur and of Nanna.

So Ringhorn went out floating towards the deep, and the funeral fire burnt on. Its broad red flame burst forth towards heaven; but when the smoke would have gone upward too, the winds came sobbing and carried it away.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Thrësh'öld, the door-sill; the entrance; the door or gate. 2. Mûte, dumb; silent. 3. De spâir', hopeless. 4. Pÿre, a funeral pile, arranged for burning a dead body. 5. A'sà, another name for Odin. 6. Hoe nir (hë'nîr), the god of Hope, Odin's brother. 7. Brä'gî, the god of Poetry and Music, Baldur's brother. 8. I'dun, the goddess of Spring, Bragi's wife. 9. Heîm'däll, watchman of the gods; keeper of the rainbow, their bridge to earth from Asgard. 10. Aë'gîr, the god of the Sea and of Tempests. 11. Nän'nâ, the goddess of Flowers, Baldur's wife. 12. Gî'ant ess, a female giant; a very large woman. 13. Hÿr ro'kin, wife of one of the Frost-giants.

Seat-Work :

Name some of the gods who came to Baldur's funeral.

Who came with Odin?

How was the funeral ship set adrift?

Describe the funeral.

LESSON LXXIV.

ho ri'zon glit'ter ing sad'dle-girth' en'trance-hall'
mis'tress yes'ter day re mount'ed in'ner most
slip'per y barred tre men'dous guests
sound'ing tight'ened mis tak'en un qui'et

Baldur in Helheim.

When at last the ship Ringhorn had floated out so far to sea that it looked like a dull, red lamp on the horizon, Freya turned round and said, "Does any one of you, my children, wish to perform a noble action, and win my love forever?"

"I do," cried Hermod, before any one else had time to open his lips.

"Go, then, Hermod," answered Freya, "saddle Sleipnir with all speed, and ride down to Helheim; there seek out Hela, the stern mistress of the dead, and entreat her to send our beloved back to us once more."

Hermod was gone in the twinkling of an eye, but not in at the mouth of the earth and through the steep cavern down which Odin went to the dead Vala's grave; he chose another way, though not a better one; for, go to Helheim how you will, the best is but a downward road, and so Hermod found it—downward, slanting, slippery, dark, and very cold. At last he came to the sounding river which flows between

the living and the dead, and the bridge over which is paved with stones of glittering gold. Hermod was surprised to see gold in such a place; but as he rode over the bridge, and looked down carefully at the stones, he saw that they were only tears which had been shed round the beds of the dying—only tears, and yet they made the way seem brighter. But when Hermod reached the other end of the bridge, he found the courageous woman who, for ages and ages, had been sitting there to watch the dead go by, and she stopped him, saying:

“What a noise you make. Who are you? Yesterday five troops of dead men went over the Rainbow Bridge, and did not shake it so much as you have done. Besides,” she added, looking more closely at Hermod, “you are not a dead man at all. Your lips are neither cold nor blue. Why, then, do you ride on the way to Helheim?”

“I seek Baldur,” answered Hermod. “Tell me, have you seen him pass?”

“Baldur,” she said, “has ridden over the bridge; but there below, towards the north, lies the way to the Abodes of Death.”

So Hermod went on the way until he came to the barred gates of Helheim itself. There he alighted, tightened his saddle-girths, remounted, clapped both spurs to his horse, and cleared the gate by one tremendous leap. Then Hermod found himself in a place

where no living man had ever been before—the City of the Dead. Perhaps you think there is a great silence there, but you are mistaken. Hermod thought he had never in his life heard so much noise; for the echoes of all words were speaking together—words, some newly uttered and some ages old; but the dead men did not hear who flitted up and down the dark streets, for their ears had been stunned and become cold long since. Hermod rode on through the city until he came to the palace of Hela, which stood in the midst. Precipice was its threshold, the entrance-hall, Wide Storm, and yet Hermod was not too much afraid to seek the innermost rooms; so he went on to the banqueting-hall, where Hela sat at the head of her table, and served her newest guests. Baldur, alas! sat at her right-hand, and on her left his pale young wife. When Hela saw Hermod coming up the hall she smiled grimly, but beckoned to him at the same time to sit down, and told him that he might sup that night with her. It was a strange supper for a living man to sit down to. Hunger was the table; Starvation, Hela's knife; Delay, her serving-man; Slowness, her maid; and Burning Thirst, her wine. After supper Hela led the way to the sleeping apartments. "You see," she said, turning to Hermod, "I am very anxious about the comfort of my guests. Here are beds of unrest provided for all, hung with curtains of weariness, and look how all the walls are furnished with despair."

So saying she strode away, leaving Hermod and Baldur together. The whole night they sat on those unquiet couches and talked. Hermod could speak of nothing but the past, and as he looked anxiously round the room his eyes became dim with tears. But Baldur seemed to see a light far off, and he spoke of what was to come.

The next morning Hermod went to Hela and entreated her to let Baldur return to Asgard. He even offered to take his place in Helheim if she pleased; but Hela only laughed at this, and said, "You talk a great deal about Baldur, and boast how much every one loves him; I will prove now if what you have told me be true. Let everything on earth, living or dead, weep for Baldur and he shall go home again; but if *one* thing refuse to weep, then let Helheim hold its own; he shall *not* go."

"Every one will weep willingly," said Hermod, as he mounted Sleipner, and rode towards the entrance of the city. Baldur went with him as far as the gate, and began to send messages to all his friends in Asgard, but Hermod would not listen to many of them.

"You will so soon come back to us," he said, "there is no use in sending messages."

So Hermod darted homewards, and Baldur watched him through the bars of Helheim's gateway as he flew along.

"Not soon, not soon," said the dead Asa; but still he saw the light far off, and thought of what was to come.

DEFINITIONS.—1. En trëat'ing, begging. 2. Coür-ä'geous, brave; full of courage. 3. A böde', dwelling-place or place of waiting. 4. Ech'öes, the same sounds repeatedly heard. 5. Prëç'i piçe, the brink of a steep hill or mountain. 6. Bän'quet ing-hall, a hall for feasting. 7. A pärt'ments, rooms, or divisions of a building.

Seat-Work;

After Baldur's ship had floated out of sight, what request did Freya make?

Who offered to go?

What did he see on his journey?

What did he find in the Abodes of Death?

Describe Hela's banquet.

What kind of bed-rooms had she prepared for her guests?

On what condition did she agree to let Baldur return?

LESSON LXXV.

| | | |
|--------------|-----------------|------------------|
| hur'ried | mon'sters | en cour'age ment |
| dread'ful | field'-flow'ers | naught |
| lean'ing | steam'ing | mo'tioned |
| straight'way | stretch'ing | Jan'u a ry |
| cen'tu ries | stepped | chained |

The World Weeping for Baldur.

"Well, Hermod, what did she say?" asked the Æsir from the top of the hill, as they saw him coming; "make haste and tell us what she said." And Hermod came up.

"Oh! is that all?" they cried, as soon as he had delivered his message. "Nothing can be more easy;" and then they all hurried off to tell Freya. She was weeping already, and in five minutes there was not a tearless eye in Asgard.

"But this is not enough," said Odin; "the whole earth must know of our grief that it may weep with us."

Then the father of Æsir called to him his messenger maidens—the beautiful Valkyrs—and sent them out into all worlds with these three words on their lips, "Baldur is dead!" But the words were so dreadful that at first the messenger maidens could only whisper them in low tones as they went along, "Baldur is dead!" The dull, sad sounds flowed back on Asgard like a new river of grief, and it seemed to the Æsir as if they now wept for the first time—"Baldur is dead!"

"What is that the Valkyrs are saying?" asked the men and women in all the country round, and when they heard rightly, men left their labor and lay down to weep—women dropped the buckets they were carrying to the well, and, leaning their faces over them,

filled them with tears. The children crowded upon the doorsteps, or sat down at the corners of the streets, crying as if their own mothers were dead.

The Valkyrs passed on. "Baldur is dead!" they said to the empty fields; and straightway the grass and the wild field-flowers shed tears. "Baldur is dead!" said the messenger maidens to the rocks and the stones; and the very stones began to weep. "Baldur is dead!" the Valkyrs cried; and even the old mammoth's bones, which had lain for centuries under the hills, burst into tears, so that small rivers gushed forth from every mountain's side. "Baldur is dead!" said the messenger maidens as they swept over silent sands; and all the shells wept pearls. "Baldur is dead!" they cried to the sea, and to Jötunheim across the sea; and when the giants understood it, even they wept, while the sea rained spray to heaven. After this the Valkyrs stepped from one stone to another until they reached a rock that stood alone in the middle of the sea; then, all together, they bent forward over the edge of it, stooped down and peeped over, that they might tell the monsters of the deep. "Baldur is dead!" they said; and the sea monsters and the fish wept. Then the messenger maidens looked at one another, and said, "Surely our work is done." So they twined their arms round one another's waists, and set forth on the downward road to Helheim, there to claim Baldur from among the dead.

Now after he had sent forth his messenger maidens, Odin had seated himself on the top of Air Throne that he might see how the earth received his message. At first he watched the Valkyrs as they stepped forth north and south, and east and west; but soon the whole earth's steaming tears rose up like a great cloud, and hid everything from him. Then he looked down through the cloud, and said, "Are you all weeping?" The Valkyrs heard the sound of his voice as they went all together down the slippery road, and they turned round, stretching out their arms towards Air Throne, their long hair falling back, whilst, with choked voices and streaming eyes, they answered, "The world weeps, Father Odin; the world and we."

After this they went on their way until they came to the end of the cave Gnipa, where Garm was chained, and which yawned over Niflheim. "The world weeps," they said one to another by way of encouragement, for here the road was so dreadful; but just as they were about to pass through the mouth of Gnipa they came upon a haggard witch named Thok, who sat in the entrance with her back to them, and her face towards the abyss. "Baldur is dead! Weep, weep!" said the messenger maidens, as they tried to pass her; but Thok made answer—

"What she doth hold,
Let Hela keep;
For naught, care I,

Though the world weep,
O'er Baldur's bale.
Live he or die,
With tearless eye
Old Thok shall wail."

And with these words leaped into Niflheim with a yell of triumph.

"Surely that cry was the cry of Loki," said one of the maidens; but another pointed towards the city of Helheim, and there they saw the stern face of Hela looking over the wall.

"One has not wept," said the grim Queen, "and Helheim holds its own." So saying she motioned the maidens away with her long, cold hand.

Then the Valkyrs turned and fled up the steep way to the foot of Odin's throne, like a pale snowdrift that flies before the storm.

After this a strong child, called Vali, was born in the city of Asgard. He was the youngest of Odin's sons—strong and cold as the icy January blast; but full, also, as it is of the hope of the new year. When only a day old he slew the blind Hōdur by a single blow, and then spent the rest of his life in trying to lift the shadow of death from the face of the weeping earth.—*Heroes of Asgard*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mām'moth, a very large elephant, no longer existing. 2. Vāl'kȳrs, hand maidens of

Odin. They welcomed the dead heroes of earth in the halls of Valhalla. 3. Hæg'gard, worn and thin. 4. Thok (tök), Loki disguised as an old woman. 5. Á bÿss', a bottomless gulf. 6. Båle, sorrow; misfortune. 7. Vå'li, the god of Eternal Light; the avenger. He slays Hôdur, survives Ragnarok, and restores light to men.

Seat-Work :

What message did Hermod bring from Hela?

How did the Æsir receive it?

Who were the Valkyrs?

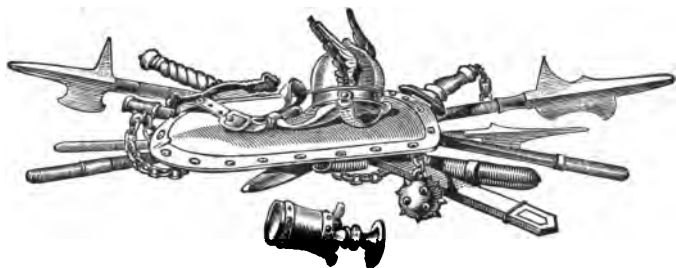
What mission were they sent upon?

Where did they go?

What was the effect of their message?

Why did their mission fail?

Who was Vali?



LESSON LXXVI.

| | | | |
|-----------|---------|-----------|-----------|
| jas'mine | Au'tumn | frail'est | vi'o let |
| leaf'less | span | cro'cus | blos'soms |

Spring.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods, the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court, with green festoons,
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree,
The blood is all aglee;
And there's a look about the leafless bowers,
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still, on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens, you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth ;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and showers need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn,
In the sweet airs of morn ;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times, a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
 If from a beech's heart,
 A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
 "Behold me! I am May!"

—*Henry Timrod.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pă'thōs, tender or sorrowful feeling. 2. Fēs tōōns', garlands or wreaths. 3. Lā gōōns', lakes or pools. 4. A glēē', full of life; glowing. 5. Bow'ers, shady recesses. 6. Sāve, except. 7. Sēm'blan ces, likenesses. 8. Az'ūre, the clear blue of the sky. 9. Fāy, a fairy. 10. Dēarth, barrenness. 11. En ām'ored, filled with ardent love. 12. Pāg'eant, a grand parade; a show. 13. Drȳ'ad, a tree nymph or fairy.

LESSON LXXVII.

| | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|--------------|
| waist'coats | scene | bit'ter est | mer'ci ful |
| po si'tion | mem'o ries | cow'ard ice | com'fort ed |
| i de'a | throbbed | pit'ied | hum'bled |
| at ten'tion | leapt | bur'dens | ex am'ple |
| nerv'ous ly | pray'ers | re solved' | glim'mer ing |
| un lac'ing | prob'a bly ; | a shamed' | con'quered |
| kneel'ing | un rob'ing | earn'est | pro duced' |

The New Boy at Boarding School.

The little fellows went quietly to their own beds,
 and began undressing and talking to one another in

whispers ; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off ; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?" "Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring : "that's your washstand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all."

And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washstand, and began to bathe, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor, little, lonely boy ; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he

might or might not do. He dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at a sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy.

Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the monitor came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old janitor had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting the door with his usual, "Good night, gen'l'm'n."



THE NEW BOY AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise. He lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

When Tom first came to the school he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then, that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling, which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor, little, weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening to every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him?

He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a

sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead—*Thomas Hughes*.

DEFINITIONS.—1. O'vēr whēlmed', overcome; crushed. 2. Nōv'ēl tŷ, newness. 3. Ag'ō nŷ, strong suffering; pain; trouble. 4. Shēd, threw sidewise with a jerk. 5. Mōn'ī tor, the janitor, whose duty it was to report the boys for breaking the rules of the dormitory. 6. Lōathed, hated. 7. Conscience (kōn'-shēns), sense of right and wrong. 8. Bräg'gart, boaster. 9. Bear tēs'tī mō nŷ, give evidence. 10. Pūb'li can, a collector of taxes (they were regarded by the Pharisees as great sinners). 11. Ex āg'ģēr-a tēd. over-estimated.

Seat-Work :

Which of these boys do you admire most? Why?

What good trait did Tom show?

What vice did Tom loathe most?

What were the good results of one little boy's obeying his conscience?

LESSON LXXVIII.

| | | |
|-------------|---------------|------------------|
| Al a bā'ma | in dis tinct' | un ex pect'ed ly |
| pleas'ant | con fused' | re cov'er y |
| be gin'ning | fra'grant | grad'u al ly |
| mem'o ries | prat'tling | pre'cious |
| for got'ten | Feb'ru a ry | read'i ly |
| won'der ing | phy si'cian | ed'u ca ted |

My Story.

[Written wholly without help of any sort by Helen Keller, a deaf and blind girl, twelve years old, and printed without change.]

PART I.

Mind, mind alone

Is light and hope and life and power!

I was born twelve years ago, one bright June morning, in Tuscumbia, a pleasant little town in the northern part of Alabama. The beginning of my life was very simple, and very much like the beginning of every other little life; for I could see and hear when I

first came to live in this beautiful world. But I did not notice anything in my new home for several days. Content in my mother's tender arms I lay, and smiled as if my little heart were filled with sweetest memories of the world I just had left.

I like to think I lived with God in the beautiful Somewhere before I came here, and that is why I always knew God loved me, even when I had forgotten his name.

But when I did begin to notice things, my blue eyes were filled with wondering joy. I gazed long at the lovely, deep-blue sky, and stretched out my tiny hands for the golden sunbeams that came to play hide-and-seek with me. So my happy baby hours went. I grew and cried and laughed, as all infants do.

In the meantime, I had a name given to me ; I was called Helen, because Helen means light, and my mother liked to think that my life would be full of the brightness of the day.

Of course, my recollections of my early childhood are very indistinct. I have confused memories of long summer days filled with light, and the voices of birds singing in the clear sunshine. I seem to remember, as if it were yesterday, being lost in a great green place, where there were beautiful flowers and fragrant trees.

I stood under one tall plant, and let its blossoms rest upon my curly head. I saw little flakes of light

flitting among the flowers ; I suppose they were birds, or, perhaps, butterflies. I heard a well-known voice calling me, but, feeling roguish, I did not answer. I was glad, however, when my mother found me and carried me away in her arms.

I discovered the true way to walk the day I was a year old, and, during the radiant summer days that followed, I was never still a minute. My mother watched me coming, going, laughing, playing, prattling, with proud, happy eyes. I was her only child, and she thought there never had been another baby quite so beautiful as her little Helen.

Then, when my father came in the evening, I would run to the gate to meet him, and he would take me up in his strong arms, and put back the tangled curls from my face and kiss me many times, saying: "What has my Little Woman been doing to-day?"

But the brightest summer has winter behind it. In the cold, dreary month of February, when I was nineteen months old, I had a serious illness. My mother sat beside my little bed, and tried to soothe my feverish moans, while in her troubled heart she prayed: "Father in Heaven, spare my baby's life!" But the fever grew and flamed in my eyes, and for several days my kind physician thought I would die.

But early one morning the fever left me as mysteriously and unexpectedly as it had come, and I fell into a quiet sleep. Then my parents knew I would

live, and they were very happy. They did not know for some time after my recovery that the cruel fever had taken my sight and hearing—taken all the light and music and gladness out of my little life.

By-and-by the sad truth dawned upon them, and the thought that their little daughter would never more see the beautiful light, or hear the voices she loved, filled their hearts with anguish.

But I was too young to realize what had happened. When I awoke and found that all was dark and still, I suppose I thought it was night, and I must have wondered why day was so long coming. Gradually, however, I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me, and forgot that it had ever been day.

I forgot everything that had been, except my mother's tender love. Soon even my childish voice was stilled, because I had ceased to hear any sound.

But all was not lost! After all, sight and hearing are but two of the beautiful blessings which God had given me. The most precious, the most wonderful of His gifts was still mine. My mind remained clear and active, "Though fled fore'er the light."

As soon as my strength returned, I began to take an interest in what the people around me were doing. I would cling to my mother's dress as she went about her household duties, and my little hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned a great many things.



some new joy, some fresh token of love from distant friends, until in the fullness of my glad heart, I cry: "Love is everything! And God is Love!"

HELEN KELLER

Juscumbia, Ala., Dec. 9th, 1891.

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When I was a little older, I felt the need of **some** means of communication with those around me, **and** I began to make simple signs which my parents **and** friends readily understood; but it often happened **that** I was unable to express my thoughts intelligently, **and** at such times I would give way to my angry feelings utterly.

Of course, my parents were very anxious about me when I behaved so ill, and they tried to think of some way of having me educated. Finally, they decided that I must have a teacher. My father wrote to Mr. Anagnos, the director of the institution where Laura Bridgman had been taught, and asked him if he could send his little daughter a kind teacher. Dear Mr. Anagnos replied that he could. That was in the summer of 1886. I was then six years old.

My little sister Mildred came to us the following October. One day, I discovered a beautiful doll—at least I thought it was a doll, but really it was a lovely little baby—in Nancy's cradle. Nancy was a big, much-petted and sadly-abused rag-doll. I was delighted with the baby at first, but after awhile she seemed much in my way. I thought my mother's love and care all belonged to me, and I began to look upon my sweet sister as an intruder.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Rēe'ol lēe'tions, memories. 2. Rōg'ish, playful; full of mischief: 3. Sōothe, com-

fort ; quiet. 4. Mys tē'ri ous ly, strangely. 5. An'-guish, pain ; distress. 6. Com mū'ni cā'tion, exchange of thoughts. 7. In tēl'li gi bly, plainly ; easily understood. 8. Ut'ter ly, entirely. 9. Di rēct'or, the head or principal. 10. In sti tū'tion, a school. 11. In trūd'er, one who enters where he is not wanted.

Seat-Work :

Who is Helen Keller?

Where does she live?

What happened to her when she was nineteen months old?

What was the result of this?

What one blessing remained?

LESSON LXXIX.

| | | | |
|------------|---------------|-----------------|-------------|
| build'ing | cu ri os'i ty | hon'ey suck'le | sur prised' |
| im ag'ine | con cern'ing | lan'guage | squir'rels |
| lat'tice | sat'is fied | flashed | rein'deer |
| de scribe' | un no'ticed | dif'fi cult | rab'bit |
| del'i cate | down'-stāirs | con tin'u al ly | cir'cus |

My Story.

PART II.

It was March before my teacher came to me. The earth was beginning to feel its great heart astir with new life. The fruit trees were blooming, and in the garden the mocking birds were building their nests anew. Oh, how well I remember the evening when

she came! My mother had made me understand in a dim way that a lady was coming who would have something to do with me.

I was standing on the porch when Teacher arrived. I had been waiting there ever since my mother kissed me and went to the station to meet the strange lady. I can imagine it all now. There I stood, clinging to the lattice of the porch, wistfully waiting for I knew not what.

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon my hair, and softly kissed my upturned face. Suddenly I felt approaching footsteps; they came nearer; I stretched out my little hand eagerly; some one took it, and in another instant I was in my teacher's arms. I felt her face and hands curiously, and let her kiss me, while feelings that I cannot describe entered my heart.

We could not speak to each other; I could not ask her why she had come. Yet I am sure I felt, in a vague, bewildered way, that something beautiful was going to happen to me. I knew the strange lady loved me, and that her love would make my life sweet and good and happy.

The morning after Teacher came, I went to her room, and found her very busy unpacking her trunk; but she did not send me away. She let me stay and help her. When everything was in its place, she kissed me kindly and gave me a beautiful doll. Oh!

she was a lovely and delicate doll, with long curly hair and eyes that opened and shut, and pouting lips. But exquisite as she was, my curiosity concerning her was soon satisfied, and she lay unnoticed in my lap.

Then Teacher took my hand and slowly made the letters d-o-l-l with her fingers, at the same time making me touch the doll.

Of course, I did not know the motions meant letters. I did not know what letters were; but I was interested in the finger-play, and tried to imitate the motions, and I think I succeeded in spelling "doll" in a very little while. Then I ran down-stairs to show my new doll to my mother, and I am sure she was surprised and pleased when I held up my little hand and made the letters for doll.

That afternoon, besides "doll," I learned to spell "pin" and "hat;" but I did not understand that everything had a name. I had not the least idea that my finger-play was the magical key which was to unlock my mind's prison door and open wide the windows of my soul.

Teacher had been with me nearly two weeks, and I had learned eighteen or twenty words, before that thought flashed into my mind, as the sun breaks upon the sleeping world; and in that moment of illumination the secret of language was revealed to me, and I caught a glimpse of the beautiful country I was about to explore.

Teacher had been trying all the morning to make me understand that the mug and the milk in the mug had different names; but I was very dull, and kept spelling "milk" for mug and "mug" for milk, until Teacher must have lost all hope of making me see my mistake. At last she got up, gave me the mug, and led me out of the door to the pump-house. Some one was pumping water, and, as the cool, fresh stream burst forth, Teacher made me put my mug under the spout and spell w-a-t-e-r. Water!

That word startled my soul, and it awoke, full of the spirit of the morning—full of joyous, exultant song. Till that day, my mind had been like a darkened chamber, waiting for words to enter and light the lamp, which is thought.

I left the pump-house eager to learn everything. We met the nurse carrying my little sister, and Teacher spelled "baby." For the first time, I was impressed with the smallness and helplessness of a little baby, and, mingled with that thought, there was another one of myself, and I was glad I was myself, and not a baby.

I learned a great many words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that "mother," "father," "sister" and "teacher" were among them. It would have been difficult to find a happier little child than I was that night, as I lay in my crib and thought over the joy the day had brought

me, and, for the first time, longed for a new day to come.

The next morning I awoke with joy in my heart. Everything I touched seemed to quiver with life. It was because I saw everything with the new, strange,



HOME OF HELEN KELLER.

beautiful sight which had been given me. I was never angry after that, because I understood what my friends said to me, and I was very busy learning many wonderful things. I was never still during the first glad days of my freedom. I was continually spelling, and acting out the words as I spelled them.

I would run, skip, jump and swing, no matter

where I happened to be. Everything was budding and blossoming. The honeysuckle hung in long garlands, deliciously fragrant, and the roses had never been so beautiful before. Teacher and I lived out-of-doors from morning until night, and I rejoiced greatly in the forgotten light and sunshine found again.

I did not have regular lessons then, as I do now. I just learned about everything—about trees and flowers, how they absorb the dew and sunshine; about animals—their names and all their secrets.

“How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid.”

Once I went to a circus, and Teacher described to me the wild animals and the countries where they lived. I fed the elephants and monkeys; I patted a sleeping lion, and sat on a camel's back. I was very much interested in the wild animals, and I approached them without fear; for they seemed to me a part of the great beautiful country I was exploring.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Dim, not clear. 2. Sta'tion, a stopping place for trains. 3. Wist'fully, longingly. 4. Ap prōach'ing, coming nearer. 5. Cū'ri ous ly, inquiringly. 6. Be wil'dered, puzzled; confused. 7.

Ex'qui site, dainty; delicately beautiful. 8. Măg'ie al, wonderful. 9. Il lū'mi nă'tion, brightness; light. 10. Re vĕaled', made known. 11. Glîmpse, a faint idea. 12. Ex plōre', search; examine; look into. 13. Ex ŭlt'ant, happy; rejoicing. 14. Qui'ver, tremble. 15. Ab sôrb', drink in little by little.

Seat-Work :

What was the next important thing to happen to Helen Keller?

Describe the meeting with the teacher.

Tell how she learned to spell mug and milk.

How did Helen and her teacher spend their days during that first summer?

How did it affect Helen's life?

LESSON LXXX.

| | | |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| rep're sent ed | San'ta Claus' | de scrip'tion |
| prim'er | treas'ures | ex pe'ri ences |
| com'pan ions | Bos'ton | Wash'ing ton |
| E'gypt | jour'ney | pres'i dent |
| Greece | north'ern | el'e phant |
| in tro duced' | in vit'ing | Plym'outh |
| a rith'me tic | im pa'tient | thrilled |

My Story.

PART III.

The next step in my education, which I remember distinctly, was learning to read. As soon as I could

spell a few words, Teacher gave me slips of cardboard, on which were printed words in raised letters. I very quickly learned that the printed words stood for things. I had a frame in which I could arrange the words, so that they would make little sentences ; but, before I ever arranged sentences in the frame, I used to make them with objects.

I would find the slips of paper which represented "doll is on bed," and place them on the objects, thus making a sentence. Nothing delighted me so much as this game. I would play it for hours together. Often, when everything in the room was arranged so as to make sentences, I would find Teacher, and show her what I had done. Then I would get the Primer, and hunt for the words I knew, and when I found one I would scream with joy.

I read my first story on May-day, and ever since books and I have been loving friends and inseparable companions. They have made a bright world of thought and beauty all around me. They have been my faithful teachers in all that is good and beautiful. Their pages have carried me back to ancient times, and shown me Egypt, Greece, Rome. They have introduced me to kings, heroes, and gods, and they have revealed to me great thoughts, great deeds. Is it strange that I love them ?

I would like to tell how I was taught to write and to do sums in arithmetic, but it would make my story long.

I will now try to describe the first Christmas I know anything about. Oh, what a merry, merry Christmas it was! No child in all the land could have been happier than I was. I had never known what Christmas meant before Teacher came, and every one in the family tried to make my first Christmas a memorable one.

They all prepared surprises for me, and the mystery with which they surrounded their gifts was my greatest amusement during the last days of December. My mother and Teacher seemed always to be at work upon secrets, which they pretended to hide as soon as I appeared. I got more and more excited as the day when the mysteries were to be revealed approached.

It came at last—the glad, beautiful Christmas Day! I awoke earlier than usual, and flew to the table where I had been told Santa Claus would leave his presents, and, sure enough, there they were! Such gifts! such gifts! How shall I describe them! There was a real canary in a cage, a lovely doll in a cradle, a trunk full of treasures, a beautiful set of dishes and many other choice things.

The day was full of joy from beginning to end, and I shall always think of it as the merriest, happiest Christmas of my childhood.

The next important event in my life was my visit to Boston. I shall never forget the incidents con-

nected with that happy event—the preparations beforehand, the departure with Teacher and mother, the journey, and, finally, the arrival in the beautiful City of Kind Hearts one morning late in May.

During the long winter evenings, as we sat by the glowing fire, Teacher had told me of her far away northern home, and of the dear, unknown friends there, who loved her little pupil, until a great longing to visit Boston grew strong in my heart. And one day, like an answer to my wish, came a kind letter from Mr. Anagnos, inviting mother, Teacher, and me to spend the summer with him.

The invitation was accepted, and the middle of May was the time fixed upon for our departure. I thought the days of impatient waiting endless; but at last they were over, and I found myself sitting by Teacher in the train, asking many eager questions as it sped onward.

We spent a few days in Washington, visiting the places of interest, and I learned many things about the government of our country. I saw the President and the beautiful gardens surrounding the White House. It was there, also, that I met my dear friend Dr. Bell. He came to see me, and afterward sent me a toy elephant, which amused me greatly.

But, although I enjoyed my stay in Washington, yet I was glad when we resumed our journey, and gladder still when the train stopped, and Teacher said, "This is Boston!"

I wish it were possible for me to give a full description of that memorable visit; for it was rich in incidents and new, exciting experiences. But it would take much time, and I fear my story is already too long; so I will only mention disconnectedly the things that most impressed me.

I joined the little blind children in their work and play, and talked continually. I was delighted to find that nearly all my new friends could spell with their fingers. Oh, what happiness! to talk freely with other children! to feel at home in the great world! Until then I had been a little foreigner, speaking through an interpreter; but in Boston, in the city where Doctor Howe had lived, and where Laura Bridgman was taught, I was no longer a stranger. I was at home, and the dream of my childhood was accomplished.

Soon after our arrival in Boston, we visited Plymouth, and in that quaint old Puritan town I listened with eager interest to the story of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers. That was my first lesson in history. A few days later, when I had climbed the Bunker Hill Monument, and when Teacher had told me how brave, unselfish men won our dear country's freedom, my heart was thrilled, and I was proud of being born an American.

We spent one very happy morning with the deaf children at the Horace Mann School. I had never

thought I should learn to talk like other people, until Teacher told me that morning the little deaf children were being taught to speak. Then I was eager to learn myself; and two years afterward, in that very school, I did learn to speak, and another wall which seemed to stand between my soul and the outside world was broken down.

Dear Miss Fuller taught me in a short time to make all the sounds which constitute that wonderful, curious thing we call speech. My mother had thought her little child's voice lost forever. But lo! Love had found it and brought it home.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ar rānged', placed in order. 2. In sēp'a rá ble, not to be separated. 3. Mēm'o rá ble, worth remembering. 4. Mŷs'tēr y, secrecy. 5. In'-çi dents, happenings. 6. Re šūmed', began again. 7. Dis con nēct'ed ly, without any connection; rambly. 8. Fōr'eign er, a stranger. 9. In tēr'pret er, one who explains the language of another. 10. Ac-cōm'plished, fulfilled. 11. Quāint, very odd and old looking. 12. Pū'ri tan, pertaining to the Puritans. (Plymouth was called the Puritan town because it was settled by the Puritans who came over in the Mayflower in 1620.) 13. Cōn'sti tūte, compose; make up; form a part of.

Seat-Work:

How did Helen learn to read?
Describe Helen's first Christmas.

Describe her trip to Boston.

What places did she visit while there?

How did she talk with the blind children?

What wonderful thing did Helen learn in the Horace Mann School?

Locate on your map all the places mentioned in this lesson.

LESSON LXXXI.

ac quaint'ance

Penn syl va'ni a

ex pres'sion

de grees'

Can'a da

cour'age

brėak'fast

im me'di ate ly

hos'pi tal

grieved

va ca'tion

No vem'ber

ter'ri fied

Eng'land

pit'i ful

My Story.

PART IV.

I wish now to speak of my visit to the seaside; for it was during my sojourn at the north that I received my first impression of the great ocean. It was about the middle of July, after my mother had returned to our home in the Sunny South, that Teacher and I went to Brewster, a pleasant little town of Cape Cod, where we spent a very happy summer.

The morning after our arrival, I awoke bright and early. A beautiful summer day had dawned, the day on which I was to make the acquaintance of a somber and mysterious friend. I got up, and dressed quickly, and ran down stairs. I met Teacher in the hall, and

begged to be taken to the sea at once. "Not yet," she responded, laughing. "We must have breakfast first."

As soon as breakfast was over, we hurried off to the shore. Our pathway led through low sandy hills, and, as we hastened on, I often caught my feet in the long, coarse grass, and tumbled, laughing, in the warm, shining sand. The beautiful warm air was peculiarly fragrant, and I noticed it got cooler and fresher as we went on.

Suddenly we stopped, and I knew, without being told, the sea was at my feet. I knew, too, it was immense! awful! and for a moment some of the sunshine seemed to have gone out of the day. But I do not think I was afraid; for later, when I had put on my bathing-suit, and the little waves ran up on the beach and kissed my feet, I shouted for joy, and plunged fearlessly into the surf. But, unfortunately I struck my foot on a rock, and fell forward into the cold water.

Then a strange, fearful sense of danger terrified me. The salt water filled my eyes and took away my breath, and a great wave threw me up on the beach as easily as if I had been a little pebble. For several days after that, I was very timid, and could hardly be persuaded to go in the water at all; but by degrees my courage returned, and almost before the summer was over, I thought it the greatest fun to be tossed about by the sea-waves.

Oh, the happy, happy hours I spent, hunting the wonderful shells! How pretty they were with their lovely, fresh hues and exquisite shapes! And how pleasant it was to sit on the sandy bank and braid the sea-grass, while Teacher told me stories of the sea, and described, in simple words that I could understand, the majestic ocean and the ships that drifted in the distance like white-winged birds.

People sometimes seem surprised that I love the ocean when I cannot see it. But I do not think it is strange. It is because God has planted the love of His wonderful works deep in the hearts of His children, and, whether we see them or not, we feel everywhere their beauty and mystery enfolding us.

I returned to my southern home at the beginning of November, with a head full of joyous memories, and a heart full of grateful love for the dear friends who had done so much for my happiness.

It was long before we again visited the beautiful City of Kind Hearts. I continued my studies at home, and grew gladder every day and night, because of the new, wonderful knowledge that was coming to me. Of course, I do not mean that I was never sad. I suppose every one has sorrows. Our dear poet has said: "Into each life some rain must fall," and I am sure the rain is as needful for us as it is for the flowers.

I wept bitterly when I heard of the death of my beautiful dog; for I loved her tenderly. Oh, Lioness

was so brave and gentle. She would lay her head in my lap when I caressed her, and I knew there was a gentle, loving expression in her brown eyes. And how it grieved me to think I should never see her again! But even that sorrow had a bright side.

When the dog-lovers in England and America heard that my dog had been killed, they were very sorry, and kindly offered to raise money to buy me another Mastiff. Then I knew that my beautiful dog's death would be the means of bringing light and joy to a desolate life. I wrote to the kind gentlemen, and asked them to send me the money which they proposed raising, to help educate Tommy Stringer, instead of buying me another dog.

Little Tommy's story is a very sad one. I first heard of him one vacation, while visiting some dear friends in Pennsylvania. He was then in one of the hospitals in Pittsburg. When he was only four years old, he had a dreadful illness which deprived him of his sight and hearing. His mother died when he was a mere infant, and his father was too poor to have him educated. So he remained in the hospital, blind and deaf and dumb, and small and friendless altogether. Could there be a more pitiful condition?

When I returned to Boston the following autumn, Tommy was constantly in my thoughts. I told my friends about him, and Mr. Anagnos promised he would find a place for my little human plantlet in the

beautiful Child's Garden, which the kind people of Boston have given to little sightless children, if I would raise money to pay his teacher and other expenses.

That seemed to me an easy thing to do. I knew that the world was full of love and sympathy, and that an appeal in behalf of a helpless little child would meet with a loving response. And so it did. The dog-lovers started a Tommy-fund immediately ; little children began to work for him, and people in far-away States, and even in England and Canada, sent their offerings of money and sympathy.

In a very short time, enough money was raised to pay Tommy's expenses for a year, and he was brought to Boston, and a sunny corner in the Child's Garden was found for him, and in that bright, warm atmosphere of love the little human flower soon learned to grow, and the darkness which had enfolded his child-life so closely melted away. So love is the most beautiful thing in all the world :

" Love—no other word we utter
Can so sweet and precious be."

I will here end this little story of my childhood. I am spending the winter at my home in the lovely South, the land of sunshine and flowers, surrounded by all that makes life sweet and natural—loving parents, a precious baby brother, a tender little sister and the dearest teacher in the world. My life is full

of happiness. Every day brings me some **new** joy, some fresh token of love from distant friends, until in the fullness of my glad heart, I cry: "Love is everything! and God is Love!"—*Helen Keller.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Sô'journ, a stay. 2. Sôm'ber, sad; gloomy; melancholy. 3. Pe eul'iar ly, strangely. 4. Ex'qui site, dainty; pretty. 5. Mâ jës'tic, grand; large; powerful. 6. Eà rëssed', fondled; petted. 7. Mäs'tiff, a very large dog, noted for strength and courage. 8. Dës'o late, lonely; without joy. 9. De prived', took away from. 10. Cön'stant ly, continually. 11. At'mos phere, air.

Seat-Work:

Describe Helen's first visit to the ocean.

What great sorrow did she have soon after getting home?

Who is Tommy Stringer, and how did Helen help him?

What great lesson has Helen learned?

What do you think of this composition written by a little girl, deaf, dumb, and blind?



LESSON LXXXII.

| | | | |
|---------|-------------|------------|-----------|
| rea'son | vol'leyed | charg'ing | fought |
| can'non | thun'der ed | shat'tered | won'dered |

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them;
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death

Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. Lēague, three miles. 2. Bri gāde', a body of troops consisting of several regiments under the command of a brigadier general. [The Light Brigade was a specially well drilled brigade of English light horse. During the Crī mē'an War, through some mistake, this brigade, was ordered to charge a Russian battery. Every man in the brigade knew that it meant destruction, but as soldiers, their duty was to obey, not to question orders. Of the six hundred and thirty men that made the attack only one hundred and fifty returned.] 3. Diş māyed', frightened; terrified. 4. Blün'dered, made a mistake. 5. Sā'bres, cavalry swords. 6. Bāt'ter y, division of artillery, including guns, gunners, and all equipments (battery-smoke, smoke from the firing of cannon). 7. Sā'bring, cutting with a sabre. 8. Ēös'sack, the Cos-sacks are military tribes that guard the southern and

eastern borders of Russia. They are skilled horsemen and brave cavalry troops. 9. Sūn'dered, cut; divided.

Seat-Work :

Why "into the Valley of Death?" (The English brigade in charging the battery was exposed to the fire of the entire Russian Army, so that success for them was impossible.)

What great principle of the soldier is shown in stanza two?

Explain "right through the line they broke."

When and where did this battle take place? (At Băl āk lā'vā on the 25th of October, 1854.)

Locate Balaklava on your map.

Memorize the poem.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

| | | | |
|---|------------|----|------------------|
| ā | as in bāke | o | as in dō |
| ă | “ făt | ô | “ côme |
| â | “ câre | ô | “ nôr |
| à | “ lăst | o | “ wôlf |
| ă | “ cār | ōō | “ tōōl |
| ā | “ ăll | ōō | “ tōōk |
| a | “ whạt | ou | “ out (unmarked) |
| | | ow | “ now “ |
| ē | “ mē | oi | “ voice “ |
| ě | “ mět | oy | “ boy “ |
| ě | “ hěr | | |
| ē | “ they | ū | “ tūne |
| ê | “ thêre | ū | “ nūt |
| | | ụ | “ bụsh |
| ī | “ fine | û | “ tûrn |
| ī | “ pīn | u | “ rụde |
| ĩ | “ bĩrd | | |
| ĩ | “ police | ȳ | “ trȳ |
| | | ỹ | “ storỹ |
| ō | “ nō | ỹ | “ mȳrtle |
| ồ | “ nồt | | |

CONSONANTS.

| | | | |
|-------|--------------|--|-----------|
| ε=k | as in eat | x=ks | as in tax |
| ç=s | “ çent | x=gz | “ exist |
| eh=k | “ ehorus | ph=f | “ sylph |
| ch=sh | “ maçhine | qu=kw | “ queen |
| g=g | “ gēt | wh=hw | “ what |
| g=j | “ dan'ger | th | “ thin |
| dğ=j | “ edge | th | “ smooth |
| ş=z | “ iş | ng | “ sing |
| ci=sh | “ gra'cious | } When placed at the beginning of a syllable. | |
| ti=sh | “ mo'tion | | |
| si=sh | “ pas'sion | | |
| si=zh | “ oc ca'sion | | |

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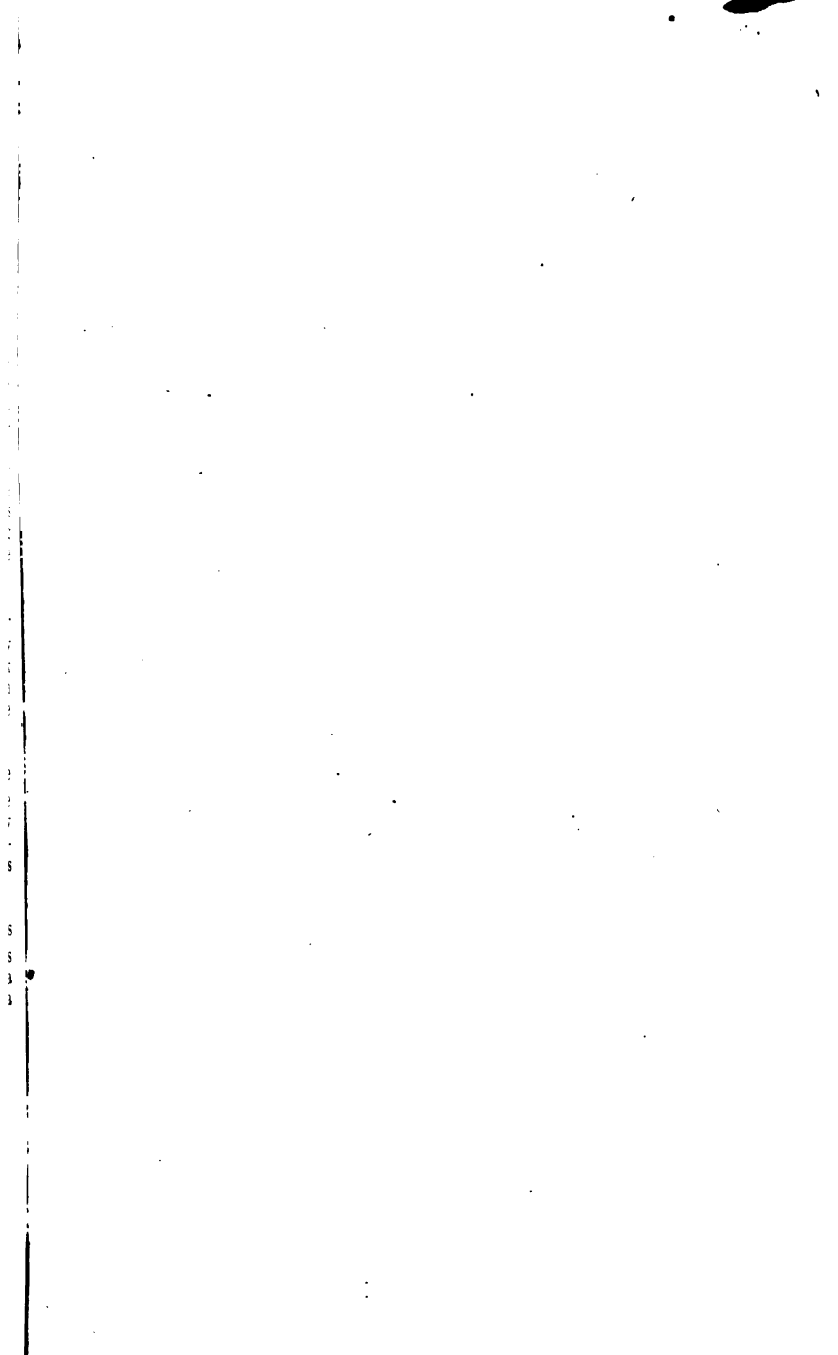
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